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LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY

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THE past few years have witnessed the extinction of more than one great literary light, and the passing of Swinburne and Meredith, of Björnson and Tolstoy, has done more than to call attention to departed genius, and to the glory of an era that is no more. It has awakened, indeed, a melancholy conviction that literary genius is almost extinct. It is true that writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, M. Maeterlinck and Herr Sudermann have their admirers, and even their disciples, but there is a feeling, nevertheless, in many quarters that the insight which these men possess is an insight into nooks and crannies rather than an insight into life in its largeness and wholeness.

Contemporary literature is indeed ailing. The mantles of the dead literary giants have not fallen on the men and women who are now engaged in cultivating the literary gardens—not on many of them, at any rate. There are few books which come from the press with any promise of immortality. The average tome is cursed with incurable sterility. The hungry sheep of the reading public, who look to contemporary writers for inspiration, are not fed. Verse that is thin, fiction that is still thinner, and plays that are absolutely inane, are the intellectual diet to which the age is becoming accustomed. To say nothing vital, to eschew distinction, to revel in mediocrity and commonplace, is the fashion of the hour in the field of literature. It may be that a majority of readers are satisfied with this drivel, there may be few who look for, or desire, anything better, but the lovers of real literature, the men and women who believe that great books are revelations, bibles, indeed, of the divine spirit

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in man, stand almost aghast at the intellectual paralysis which has crept over and struck down those who should be the masters of art.

A truly great writer, whether of poetry or fiction, or whatsoever else may belong to the literature of power, as distinguished from the literature of knowledge, to use De Quincey's division, is always one who inspires us with a sense of the largeness of life, or with the greatness of his own personality. Sophocles takes us to the roof of the world, where we may survey the working of the moral laws that govern the individual in his relations to the world. Dante glimpses the deeps of man's moral nature. Shakespeare fairly pelts the reader with the exuberance of his creative imagination. Goethe breathes the spirit of the highest human culture. Sir Walter Scott glows in the grandeur of noble conduct and great heroisms. Wordsworth penetrates far into the human soul, and discovers nature inscribed therein. Victor Hugo is on fire with a humane impulse. Dickens smites the chords of humor and pathos. Carlyle revels in the immensities and veracities of being. Emerson reports faithfully the visions and meditations of his moods. Whitman sings his comradeship into our heart of hearts. In one way or another, each of these men has fulfilled some true and noble function of literature and has taught us to know a great book when we read it. Have not serious and intelligent readers, then, a just grievance, if, in their readings of most contemporary writers, they fail to find the qualities that quicken the human pulse with the joy of vigorous and commanding life, or personality? It seems to me that they have. There are, it is true, no two men whose genius is quite the same, and if there were, one of them would be superfluous, but genius of some sort a writer must possess if his work would compel intelligent attention. And if a writer have not genius, and know not otherwise how to earn his bread than by writing balderdash, an enlightened society would generously pension him as a reward for silence.

Now if it be true, as it is, that contemporary literature is ailing, if our writers do not inspire and bring home to us the feeling that life is large and their own souls heroic, whose is

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the fault? Does it lie in the writers themselves? Or in the public? Or in both? Or shall it be said that life has diminshed since the elder days of art, and that human personalities have dwindled almost to the vanishing point? It is useless for critics to tell us that literary eras have always been succeeded by eras of literary sterility, for, even if this be true, it should not be accepted as an inevitable condition of humanity; rather should it be regarded as a disgraceful fact of history that the intelligence of the race must overcome, unless we are to believe that geniuses are a fixed quantity, few in number, who condescend to visit the earth only during the propitious seasons. Such a theory might be satisfactory to the devotees of certain esoteric philosophies and religions, but it will not be accepted by persons who find only too much evidence that genius is wasted every year and every day, as if it were of no more importance than the dead leaves of October which are hurled hither and thither by the roaring winds. The world is always full of young men who give promise of noble performance, yet, in the end, most ingloriously fail. Again, I ask, whose is the fault, if, in this present year, the last of nature's perennial miracles, there be among us little genius of achievement visible; nothing, indeed, for the most part, but a waste-plot of dull and commonplace conventionalities, stupidly posing as men of letters?

There can be, I think, but one answer to the question which will cover the larger number of observed facts. Our answer must be that present-day democracy does not care for great literature. When theatrical managers tell us that the production of Shakespeare's plays, or other classical pieces, means ruin to them; when publishers demand of an author that he write down to the level of plebeian and silly feminine taste; when the majesty of the law is invoked whenever a master dares to paint life as it is, or even as it ought, in his opinion, to be; we find the reasons, or some of the reasons, why our literature is suffering from a dearth of distinction. Books to be published must be written to gratify the mob, and if the mob prefers, as it usually does, mediocre poems, mediocre novels, and even mediocre meditations on life, its preference will be respected by the whole bread-and-butter brigade of literature, because of that

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whimsical notion of publishers which makes them prefer the gold of fools to the copper of the wise. The finer tastes must die of inanition, that the coarser tastes may have their surfeit. The mortifying truth is that our age is not favorably inclined toward genius, and loves not overmuch a virile personality in any sphere outside of business. Anything more vulgar and materialistic than our American democracy it would be difficult to find.

The modern world is committed to the principle of democracy, but this fact should not blind us to the faults of democracy. There never has been a democracy in the history of the world that was very wise—not one. Greece may seem an exception, and Greece was indeed the wisest democracy that the ages have known; yet even the wisest of democracies banished Anaxagoras and Aristides, and condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock. There may be in the womb of the future a democracy that shall live in the spirit of a larger gospel than any gospel accepted in the past; such a democracy may reverence all genius as soon as it is visible; but let us not anchor our faith to any past or present democracy. It still remains true that we have the profane herd that Horace scorned. It is an eternal fact, as Carlyle so strenuously insisted, that history is what great men have done. The Greece that culture crowns is the Greece of the poets, the sculptors and the philosophic masters, the men who created the thoughts and ideals that paint the golden years of literature and art. Henry James, the elder, indeed wrote that the only man recorded in history whom he should consider it a privilege to meet in the world beyond our bank and shoal of time, was the nameless personage whose sole distinction is that he voted to banish Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the just, a privilege that I hope has long since been granted; but loyalty to truth compels me to assert that, notwithstanding the enthusiasm aroused in the breast of his American admirer, considerably more than two millenniums after his career was ended, by the unknown Greek whose vote helped to swell the total that drove Aristides the Just into exile, it was not such as this recalcitrant that made the Greece of history, the Greece of our artistic dreams and noblest despair. The Greek heroes of art, oratory, philosophy and statecraft still remain the Hellenic

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members of the "choir invisible," whose music has become a part of the gladness of the modern world.

Nevertheless, one must not forget that democracy is here, and is here to stay. It is the central fact of our modern world. Democracy is become the arbiter of the world's destiny. In its favor is life. In its wrath is death. The literary man of to-day must please or inspire this democracy, or he will starve. And he deserves to starve, if he does not try to nobly please and inspire it, for that is the divine task he is called upon to perform in these early years of the twentieth century, the task that he will be called upon to perform in all the years that shall succeed the twentieth century. The people—even the worst of them—are his world. Hegel's doctrine of the unity of subject and object, and of their development *pari passu,* is an excellent one for the literary worker to recall. Without a world of objects, his mind would, like every other mind, be practically, if not literally, nothing. It is true that a prosaic age has a very depressing effect upon an intelligence naturally poetic and creative. One fancies that Thomas Gray, and perhaps Robert Burns, would have sung greater songs if they had lived in a larger and more poetic environment. But it is the sublime privilege of the artist—his heaven-born gift—to find inspiration in what often seems most unpromising. He must see truth where no other man has seen it. He must see beauty where no other man has seen it. He must see goodness where no other man has seen it. In the world about him, with only such help as the life of the ages has added to his own unique vision, the poet must find his poem and the romancer his romance. God help them if they fail, for failure to find poetry and romance in whatsoever age one may live in is the spiritual death of the artist.

I have apparently landed myself in one of those self-contradictions that are said to be characteristic of German philosophers, for I have admitted that all democracy has slain, and continues to slay, genius, yet maintained that our writers must find their poems and romances in the very democracy which has been so cruel to them. But the contradiction is only apparent, not real, for it is the sublimest proof of genius that its eye can see within and beyond the obvious a spiritual meaning that the

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masses, for lack of genius, are unable to see. Every man, no matter how small he may appear to his contemporaries, or even to himself, looms large in the vision of a great poet, of one who perceives the real self and the mighty possibilities of him. The man who would immortalize himself in this democratic age must see the larger self of even the most commonplace clodhopper. Of course, he will have no illusions concerning him. He will know, as everybody else knows, that the man is a clodhopper, but he will also know, what is not so evident, that the man is an avenue, leading backward indeed to the trackless waste of chaos, but leading onward to no lesser grandeur than the invisible City of God. It is the glory of Wordsworth and Burns that they saw, what hardly any one else did see in their times, the poem in the simple dalesman and the cotter, the poem for which a man like Pope would never have ventured to look, and would never have found, even if he had cast his vision in their direction. It is often said as a jest at Walt Whitman's expense, that the common people whom he apotheosized spurned him and preferred the poets of more aristocratic temper, while sympathetic appreciation of his work came only from those to whom he was supposed in the morning of his career to be antipathetic. This is very true, but one must not therefore infer that Whitman's democracy is an hallucination. Every great poet and seer is a martyr. He has always been nailed to a cross. But, even as the Hebrew poet expressed faith in his God, by saying, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," so must the poet of to-day have faith in the ultimate goodness of Demos. He may be slain, he will certainly, if original, meet with flouts and jeers sufficient to terrify all except the hardiest, but if his faith endures to the end, he shall be saved from the literary Gehenna, and, in the fulness of time, will find his place in the Pantheon of the Heart.

This mighty democracy, vulgar, brutal, and often vicious, harbors a modern sphinx, with a riddle to propound to every literary aspirant. The question of our sphinx is: "Have I a soul?" The everlasting literary welfare of the writer is determined by his answer. If he say that he does not know, or if he give the wrong answer, nothing can save him from the wrath of

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the Sphinx. Only he who sees that democracy has a soul is safe, for the Sphinx of democracy reads the spirit of the future, which the true priest of literature will address. The question rightly answered will cause the sphinx of the question to slay herself as the sphinx of old did, but the modern sphinx will die only to her vulgarity, brutality and viciousness. Otherwise she will remain very much alive, and with many new riddles demanding solution. Even in the welter of falsehood, ugliness, and all other diabolism that threatens at times to engulf whatsoever is true, pure, beautiful and of good report among us, one may find pearls and gems, if one but looks for them. As Emerson said, there is always something singing in the very mud and scum of things. The spirit of sweetness and light is not found in him who never searches for values, save in the abysses of the past. Such an one may tinkle forth a profusion of rhymes, and fill a yard or two of space in public libraries, but the truth and beauty of life are not deeply ingrained within him, and his work will fade away as soon as men's minds are pierced by the first bright arrows of the new intellectual dawn. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of antiquity, of those great masters who dwelt on the banks of the Ilissus and the Tiber, but the culture of the past is never truly reincarnated on these modern shores, save in men who rejoice to feel the breath of new mornings upon their cheeks.

Our democratic society makes heavier demands upon the individual than were ever levied by the aristocratic societies of the past. The task of the literary worker of to-day, if he would fulfil his function worthily, is likewise harder. The writings of Goethe were only for the cultured few; Shakespeare had only a small class to please and inspire; Sophocles and Æschylus labored for a society so small that an Athenian theatre held it; but the writer of to-day must fascinate and inspire the teeming millions of the globe. The Greek heroes, the kings of Shakespeare, and the characters of Goethe must now find their place in the crowd; they must join the millions who have learned to speak, in some measure, the grand accents of liberty and equality, and reverently, yet boldly, proclaim the genius of the Galilean mount and lake their brother.

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The writer who would be true to the vital principles of democracy will never flatter the vices and littlenesses of democratic society. If he does flatter vice and littleness, he will doubtless receive his reward in the merry popping of champagne corks, in groaning festive boards and substantial cheques, together with such other favors as time has in store for those who seek only the gratifications of the passing hour, and to obtain them are willing to indulge in demagogic antics; but if he be a master, he will seek rather the rewards of the eternities, by speaking the truth and by singing the beauty of the substance that lies within and beyond the shadow. I know how hard, and even pitiless, it is to charge the poet and the romancer, or whatsoever kind of artist one may be, to follow implicitly and explicitly the light and leading of the idealistic gospel that illumines our pathway on the rugged steeps of life, yet reveals, in that illumination, how dry is the dust and jagged are the rocks over which he must pass, for if the physiology of man be not real, it is, to use a philosophic distinction, at least actual; and the hungry and weary poets and tale-bearers, no less than the hewers of wood and drawers of water, require their bed and board. Nevertheless, the hero will not flinch. Society has usually starved the bodies of our poets, and she has also starved their souls, which was an even greater offence, yet, somehow or other, the poet, whether he have spoken through the medium of verse, or through the medium of prose, if once he have caught a vision of those towers of the intellect, which reflect the radiance of the City of the Soul, whose beatitudes are tabernacled in the hearts of all truth-seekers and lovers of beauty, never averts his face from the fields consecrated and made elysian through his divinest dreaming, but, though beaten sore in body, and even with his life emaciated, it may be, from rough usage and society's sad misunderstanding of him, goes to his work, or to his death, with a celestial fire burning in his heart, which all the bleak, desolate waters of materialism have no power to quench. There are, forsooth, two kinds of poets, and of artists in general. (All artists are poets, however.) There is the poet who once caught a radiant gleam of pure beauty, or beauty in truth and goodness, and was so charmed with his vision that he desired to inform

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the world of his miraculous fortune, but, when he found that the people did not listen, became convinced that his vision was only a mirage, and then, weary and heart-sick, drifted back into "the light of common day." This type of poet is the bud which the frosts of society kill, and how much of beauty and of inspiring worth the world has lost thereby can never be computed. But, fortunately, there is another, though almost infinitely rarer type of poet, who has seen too clearly and too deeply ever to forsake his vision for the meaner things of a materialistic age. This kind of poet has toiled on, though, as history knows him, he has been poor, half-starved, rebuked, ostracized, or condemned, it may be, to the prison or the flames; yet glad of the privilege afforded by life to voice what he has seen; and ready to go, if need be, swiftly to his grave, if the transcendent gift were still in his possession. While such poets have been uncommon, they have been the salt of the earth, and only through them shall our democracy learn its real nature, which is not a howling and irresponsible mob, but a society in which every man is potentially a king, a prophet, a priest, a poet. We have genius among us now, genius that we kill almost as soon as it begins to manifest itself; but when shall we witness again the genius whose vision the ignorance of society has no power to kill, the genius that shall redeem us from our intellectual weakness?

One of the greatest needs of our democracy is a cultured class possessing high ideals, that will, through its independence of financial storm and stress, be able to endow us with intellectual wealth and romantic beauty. Men like Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Browning and Hugo had private means that enabled them to do their work under favorable conditions. More than is generally thought the world owes to high-minded men of leisure, who sang their songs and proclaimed their messages for the delectation of future generations, if not of their own time. Unfortunately for us in America, those who should be our leisure class are still, for the most part, seduced by the siren voice that lures men on to seek greater material wealth. The millionaire must be a multi-millionaire, and next a billionaire. If the seductions of wealth fail to allure this or that man of wealth among us, it is usually not poetic beauty or romance that he wooes assiduously,

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but the sensualities. He does not worship Apollo, or cultivate the society of the Muses. His only divinity is Venus Pandemus.

The failure of great literature to appear at this juncture is due to the lowness of our general ideals. Neither the masses nor the classes have any ideals worthy of the name; hence the artist is between the devil and the deep sea. Goethe said that all the great ages have been ages of faith. We live in a faithless age. Here and there a person whose intellect has been fed by the literary granaries of the past still holds to truth, beauty and romance, but he is like a man in the arctic zone endeavoring to keep from freezing by reading tales of the tropics. There is no confirmation of his psychic vision in the actualities his senses report. The evil of our age may be summed up in one word—materialism. Whether rich or poor, old or young, male or female, the average person among us is a practical materialist. The creed of Haeckel may not be explicitly proclaimed, and it seldom is, but the common speech of men to-day betrays them, and reveals the hollowness of the faith that may be publicly professed. Faith must come to us once more, faith not in money, but in great ideals, before the meadows of literature shall again be spotted with flowers of gorgeous color.

There is one great mystery of life to which science can find no solution, and which metaphysicians are apt to leave even darker. I refer to the paradox involved in human personality. Whether we accept the orthodox theory of Monism, or the heterodox theory of Pluralism, as held, in one form or another, by Professor Howison, Mr. Schiller, Mr. McTaggart, and the late Professor James, there still remain perplexities enough to puzzle us. The theory of idealistic Monism, if logically developed to its ultimates, certainly destroys the freedom of the individual, and, if individuals are not free, they are merely puppets. To say that they are fragments, or fragmentary manifestations, of One Absolute Person, or Mind, does not help the matter any. The dignity of man requires, as Professor Howison has clearly pointed out, that man shall have life in himself. And while the difficulties of Pluralism are numerous, I am constrained to believe that, upon the whole, they are less difficult than the difficulties of the opposite theory. I cannot avoid the

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conviction that the uniqueness which we witness in every empirical ego is a part of metaphysical reality. Monism is a rational theory for those who believe in despotism, in the kingdom, or the empire; it is not a rational theory for those who believe in a democratic republic, which means, when carried to its logical ultimate, the supremacy of each individual over himself. No two men are alike; no two have quite the same vision of the world; and the more nearly men approach to the heights of genius, the more unique they are seen to be. No one ever mistook Swinburne for Mr. Watts-Dunton, or *vice versa,* although both were poets, critics, scholars, friends, and housemates for many years. Hegel seems to be clearly right in his contention that a mind without a world is nothing, but no amount of philosophic scepticism, or metaphysical word-juggling, can sweep aside the stupendous fact of personality, paradoxical as the fact of personality is. The problem of personality is of vital importance to democracy, and, indirectly, to literature, and, for this reason, I am going to suggest what may be a partial, though not an entire, solution of the mystery. And this suggestion is that the world, which looks so solid and everywhere identical, may be, in reality, only a partial fusion of an infinitude of different points of view, each point of view being the uniqueness of a person, or individual mind.

To present this philosophical theory adequately would require an essay. I merely refer to it here, because it seems to explain in part the necessity for democracy. The conception of an Absolute doubtless has its value, but the logic of democracy demands that every man shall be his own Absolute, for the essence of democracy is not balloting or securing majorities, but individual self-realization. It is useless to maintain that any two individuals have the same vision of the world, for they do not. The sameness of their vision ends with surfaces. The difference is found when they look beneath the surface, because each sees with the uniqueness of his own innerness. We must have a different monistic theory from the one usually presented, if the conception of Monism is to endure. Every vision of a poet, a prophet, or a philosopher, is an ideal glimpse of the world, in which the personal equation is the decisive factor. Every great

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poet has felt in some degree, indeed, the possibility of communism, and that the men and the women of his consciousness were a part of his larger self; that nature, indeed, was no solid wall, opaque to vision, but a community of friends; such also is my own belief, but there remains the private self still, and, in the uniqueness of each private self, I find a residuum eternally irreducible and impenetrable, which is not a part of nature's smiling face, but masks one of an infinite series of human unknowables, whose well-springs, hidden from the intellect, are the sources of the rivulets that make, by their confluence, the world-wide stream of real existence.

No two individuals are alike. But all individuals may be complements in their common world. None other than Shakespeare could have written *Hamlet;* none other than Goethe, *Faust*; but after a Shakespeare or a Goethe has given his work to the world, the work becomes common property to all who have the wit to claim it. Their works will not have quite the same meaning to any two individuals, for the personal equation will operate here also, but there will be enough of the universal discovered to make them the joy of the world, and not merely individual possessions. All art is communism. And so is democracy, when once it is clearly comprehended by the free mind.

Democracy is a confession of brotherhood. It means that individuals will use their private and unique gifts for the welfare of the whole. Knowing that he may complement every other man, the democrat resolves that he will do so. But evil frowns upon us because social equilibrium cannot be secured, and the failure to secure social equilibrium comes from the fact that relationships are as unique as the selves that form them. Tennyson belongs to the race, but his relation to Arthur Hallam would not be, even in Utopia, quite the same thing that his relation to other individuals would be. To find our true relations to each and all is a problem that only Utopia can solve.

Mysticism, both ancient and modern, has often done violence to our real nature, through its endeavor to find God in the individual soul alone, rather than in the Temple of Humanity. The mystic has been the victim of a sad confusion of thought. He has fancied that, by shutting his eyes to the many-colored

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world of time, the great white light of eternity would burst upon him with its august presence, and that, by turning a deaf ear to the manifold cadences of the human spirit, the voice of the infinite would be heard in his halls. A fatal delusion, for the infinite does not speak to the lonely, imprisoned self, and darkness, not light, always envelops him who refuses to see the beauty of the earth. From such sad and baleful mysticism, democracy must ever avert its face. The grandeur of all must be seen by each; the grandeur of each must be seen by all. To-day life's music is full of dissonance; the larger visions are hidden by the dust raised in ephemeral toil; and the purple peaks of noble achievement are shunned by cowards who hug in fear their narrow vales. Our very democracy, as yet, is only a thing of shreds and patches; no real democracy glorified through faith and freedom, but only the make-believe of spread-eagle spouters and machine politicians. No wonder that literature halts. It is not strange that the sun-kissed hills of romance appear to have dissolved into myths and fables. A person must feel the heart-beat of the universe to be a poet. Only men of faith in ideals can transform the intellectual desert of the world into the gardens of romantic hope and expectation. We still await the avatars of truth and beauty, who shall realize for us democracy and art, and shall, by so doing, scatter the seeds of a new gladness throughout the world.

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MOODS AT MAY-DAWN

JOHN HELSTON

I WAKED as one who on the shores of sleep
Has heard naught save his pulses' quiet tune,
When in his veins the night has flowed along
To echoes light as those perchance the deep
Hears only from the footsteps of the moon.
Then suddenly there mounts a wave of song
And makes it morning: so it was begun
For me, that music made before the sun . . .
The night it was when April is away
Ere the dawn kindles in the eyes of May.

Thereat I rose. And drifting down the world
With twilight foam about the white gean trees
I heard the May-tide making on and on;
Until about my being came and curled
Inundant joy grown deep in mysteries
Revealed as stars are, not by light alone.
In that half-dark I heard the thrushes call
And leaves commune, how from their poplar tall
Another moon would fling a denser shade:
And higher suns would hotlier climb, they said.

In that dim hour I hearkened many things
Come darkling 'twixt the night and day: a shower,
That touched the broad black poplar into tears
Of tremulous delight, meseemed had wings
Whose passing shook the scent from every flower
And brought their fragrant breathing to my ears.
A wind awoke and thro' the hawthorn bosk
Went like a lover whispering at dusk:
And starry eyes the cloud had closed awhile
Looked down again and faded in a smile.

In hollow places, hiding from the dawn,
The night held her last court. With rumor's breath

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Of coming change her hyacinths forsook
The purple of her presence. I was drawn
To watch their myriad host that streamed beneath
Grow larger with each trembling air that shook
The azure of a new allegiance
Over their serried sweets' obedience.
I saw a thrush sweep thro' them, shouting, "Day!"
They rose in ranks, and murmured it was May.

Where couchant bugles lull the ears of Sleep
When she lies out o' nights among her brood
Of dewy shadows, where the glowworms come,
And great moths go with lustrous eyes to steep
Their tongues in honeyed hours beside the wood,
I wandered till I heard a pine tree hum,
Above my head, old things equivocal.
And in my brain his magic musical
Told of forgotten Mays the place had known,
That none remembered save himself alone.

And here the ground was broken up with sighs:
Black heath and gloomy furrows filled with dearth
Made moan upon the hill and in my heart,
For all I felt the morning in my eyes.
Here like a dark disquiet lay the earth,
From heaven's divine dim breast a thing apart;
Till on me too as on the place did seem
Such blind eclipse as Love's celestial dream
Must wear on earth at times, beyond the sun's,
When all things men call good go out at once.

So stood I, when there floated high above
A sound of silver music heard afar,
Made by no mortal breathings men employ
But by the life between the lips of Love.
The first lark in the last light of a star
Silvered his song and wings and all their joy
Of beating in blue air. And on me came

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Expectancy, desires without a name,
Large as the kindling east—wherein a thrush
Sat burning, mute, upon a golden bush.

A glory grew upon the gorse, untold
By poet yet, nor e'er by painter caught
On some sheer breathless moment's mountain height,
When from each nerve of sense the manifold
Quick chords of Beauty tremble into thought
Too swift for words that brush or pen may write.
Whilst her own auras lit that lonely place
The May-dawn came, like to the living face
Of Love beloved amid the gorse and dew
Of primal planets when the world was new.

Then worked within my soul the yeast of years
That rose to Man, and which some men call God.
I knew that all this glory was my own.
So went I on; and holy to my ears
Earth made her songs for May's white period.
From each thick-budded hawthorn bower blown
Came love's exultant clarion call to joy.
And flowers that timid artifice employ
Against the damps and dark heard too, I wis.
I watched them ope their eyes . . . . But Herb Paris
I gathered there, for that for true love is.

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THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN AMERICA

FLORENCE KIPER

A SHORT time ago one of our Jewish politicians, in an address before a society of negroes, spoke feelingly of his sympathy as a member of an oppressed race for another race similarly oppressed. In so speaking of the Jews as a race the gentleman was voicing a popular fallacy that will die hard, both because Anti-Semitism has justified itself by the theory of the instinctive dislike of Aryan for Semite and because the Jew has so long gloried in the purity and antiquity of his lineage. Of course even superficial readers of ethnology know that the Semitic is a subdivision of the Caucasian or white group, one of the loose though convenient groupings of humankind according to the color of the skin. But what has not entered the popular consciousness is the ethnological fact that the Jew of to-day, the Jew of Europe and of America, is not a Semite or an Oriental, but has, through a long lapse of time, become so interpenetrated with Aryan blood that he is as pure or as impure racially as any of the European peoples among whom he sojourns. In fact, the Jewish race is not a race at all, but a social group—or groups, that have been played upon in whatever country they have dwelt by similar social forces and traditions. The Jewish "race" presents no homogeneity in those tests that constitute for ethnologists the marks of race division—head measurement, color of hair, stature and so forth. A careful reading of their history would convince one *a priori* that such homogeneity would not be found among this people, the adjurations of whose priesthood against mixed marriages were from the earliest of Biblical times made necessary by their delinquencies and whose women have not infrequently been violated by conquering nations. As the modern Englishman or the modern Frenchman is a resultant of those successive tides of immigration that have swept over the lands where he now dwells, so the modern Jew bears in his blood the blood of many Gentile or alien nations.*

*I have not here space to develop the subject of Jewish ethnology. The most recent book on the subject is *The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment* by Maurice Fishberg, in the Contemporary Science Series.

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The status of the American Jew is neither historically nor ethnologically comparable with the status of the American negro. I have found it to present many interesting analogies, however, to the condition of the American woman. It is in America that the Jewish problem presents its most interesting phenomena. In America is granted a nominal equality of Jew with Gentile, nor do there exist here those dark horrors of persecution which grind down to one level of economic and social misery a whole people. In this country the Jew may be studied in all varieties of emergence from his old-time status of debasement. The American woman, too, is varied and complex and yields all gradations of social types. Both Jew and woman are in America conscious of the loosening of the bonds that for so long have repressed the development of the individual in a blind effort to compel him to conform to his group.

The history of civilized woman reveals her as held to a very limited round of occupational activity. Her attention has been concentrated on the physical needs of her household—the domestic tasks—spinning, weaving, the preparation of the foodstuffs. During the time that the man fought and travelled, engaged in commerce, became in our modern age the capitalist, the inventor, the artist, woman remained the domestic slave or the "lady." Even her children meant little intellectual development to her, since she was not destined to be the mother of her sons' minds, but of their bodies only. Education was for men and through men. Women were born to live an indirect or subsidiary existence, servants of men's higher or lower natures, as the demand required.

What wonder that women have developed a moral code separate from that of their masters! There must needs be evolved by the inferior a method of subterfuge and indirection that does not obtain among equals. What wonder that woman has not yet found herself in the highest reaches of intellectual effort, dizzy as she still is from the sudden light of opportunity that has burst upon her!

The Jew has been similarly bound by an artificial code of living imposed for the most part from without. Take any group of human beings, varied though they be in capacity, con-

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fine them to one pent-up quarter of the city, allow them the choice of only three or four occupations by which they may eke out a meagre existence, will not inevitably the result be perversions of mind and of body! The Jewish physiognomy, long held as an infallible race distinction, is shown by Fishberg to be for the most part psychic, a peculiarity of expression. But even such physical stigma as marks the Jew wherever found, is stigma of the Ghetto existence. The cunning of the Jew, his servility, are the means of life by which a proud people has maintained itself under a system of oppression whose persistence is unique in history.

Nature, evidently unconscious of our moral law of compensation, has exacted her stern penalty of suffering not from the oppressor, but from his victims. It is but to be expected that a people existing in almost constant terror of sudden death or torture, or of the confiscation of its means of livelihood, should be peculiarly liable to nervous disorders, and medical statistics of Jewish patients reveal a significant proportion as victims of the neuroses, especially neurasthenia and hysteria. But even in the countries where massacre has not for some generations been used as a means of persuasion, the pursuit of sedentary occupations, often in unhygienic surroundings, is doubtless responsible for the muscular weakness of the Jew and his poor physique. The hysteria and the " nerves " of woman, her physical inadequacy, also find a simple enough explanation in the manner of her living. Where she has not been taxed beyond her strength by child-bearing and monotonous toil in her function of worker, she has been made into the be-corseted, idle lady or the prostitute, both trading upon sex as a means of existence.

That her weakness is not natural, not biologically natural, but acquired, is shown by the increasing number of young women of America who are developing sound nerves and strong bodies in a healthful environment. The superstition of women's physical weakness is dying out in the same fashion as the myth of her intellectual feebleness—by proof to the contrary. The newest generation of Jews, of that class able to give its children the advantages of leisure, is fast losing its physical disabilities and presents a surprising number of young people alert, supple and

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good-looking. Golf, tennis, horseback-riding, are modifying a type supposed to be fixed and stable. The anti-Semite or the anti-feminist who clings to the belief that the present limitations of Jew or of woman are congenital and inevitable will do well to study the changes at work in the laboratory of social forces that is America.

We are taking woman more and more on her own merits and demerits as a human being. She is ceasing to be the goddess and the meek angel. The militant suffragette may have rudely rubbed the bloom from the illusion of a gentle womanhood, but at least she has proved that women are no more irrational—or rational—than men under the dominance of the mob spirit. The boasted chivalry of men to women has been stripped clean of its romantic veils and has been found to present rather a ghastly face. The pedestal reared for the few chosen ones of the sex is seen to be resting on the crushed and broken bodies of the many. Women are beginning to realize this and are asking for a minimum wage law rather than another Paradiso. Away with high-sounding phrases and sentimentality! Justice now is the cry, not worship.

When the Jew has not suffered from contumely, he has been accorded a flattery that he himself was only too willing to hear. Those writers and speakers who love to roll out sounding sentences on the sublimities of history have found in the Jew a figure sufficiently romantic. His persecutions, his unique survival, his glorious ethical mission—what material for oratory! Mr. Augustus Thomas, in a well-intentioned presentment of the Jewish question in his play *As A Man Thinks,* has his Dr. Seelig speak these words on intermarriage: "Let me call your recollection to the nobility of this trust which a Jewish girl abandons if she marries elsewhere. When Egypt worshipped Isis and Osiris and Thoth, Israel proclaimed the one God. When India knelt to Vishnu and Siva and Kali, Israel prayed only to Jehovah and down past Greece and Rome, with their numerous divinities from Jove to Saturn, Judah looked up to one God. What a legacy—what a birthright!" Besides being historically incorrect, not only in its interpretation of Israel's early tribal-god religion, but of the later monotheistic conception of other peoples

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—what a misreading of the great period of Greek philosophy, for instance—the plea to a modern, unorthodox Jew is strained and sentimental. It is true enough that the average Jew would not so consider it. He still likes to deceive himself with the belief of his religious convictions, as the average Christian likes to think that he is following the gospel of Christ in the life of modern civilization. "The grotesquerie of history!" cries Zangwill, "Moses, Sinai, Palestine, Isaiah, Ezra, the Temple, Christ, the Exile, the Ghettos, the Martyrdoms—all this to give the Austrian comic papers jokes about stockbrokers with noses big enough to support unheld opera-glasses." Truly the grotesquerie of it—Moses, Sinai, Palestine, the theatrical syndicate and the wholesale clothing business! Yet as truly the grotesquerie of the Sermon on the Mount and the Spanish-American War!

The fact of the matter is that both the modern Jew and the modern Christian are living by an ethical code that is not the ethical code of Judaism or of its daughter, Christianity. Neither the Christian gospel, nor the Jewish from which it came, is the gospel of twentieth-century America, and many deeply religious spirits of to-day are deprecating the waste of moral energy in the attempt to make it so. Our problems are not the problems of ancient Judæa and we were indeed barren of faith did we not know that the newest age makes and can always make newest Bibles for its needs. The same ardor for social righteousness that burned in the prophets, the same exquisite sympathies that flowered in Jesus, the demands of a new time must recreate in new forms and new rituals.

The Jews have survived as a unique religious group for two reasons—the pressure of persecution from the outside and the cohesive force of religious ritual and emotion within. The fact of the persecution of the Jews—a persecution not more intense but lasting over a longer period of time than other persecutions of history—finds its explanation in those obscure blood-lusts and dark hatreds that man has but imperfectly rid himself of in his long spiritual struggle with his own nature that is the process of civilization. The Jew has indeed been the scapegoat of history "that shall take upon himself the sins of the people." In so far

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as his elaborate ritual has differentiated him from other people, he has been the easier butt for contempt and cruelty. Men have always hated that which is different and have attempted to nag or torture it into conformity. The concept of tolerance is but slowly emerging from that welter of emotions and prejudices that we have misnamed reason. The stronger the pressure from without, the more intense has become the religious emotion within the Ghetto, and the very force that has attempted to destroy it has perpetuated a group that sympathy might have assimilated.

What will eventually happen to the Jews of America under the disintegrating influences of heterodoxy within and tolerance without, is indeed a question. The young Jew becomes overnight Americanized and a freethinker, and between the conventions of one generation and the next often stretches a distance of centuries. The American-born Jew generally is a Jew not because of religious conviction but of social tradition. He is not vitally conscious of his destiny as one of a handful of people chosen by God to feed the flame of moral passion. Indeed, in the democratization of our thinking, such an assumption savors just a bit of exclusiveness. The twentieth-century American God is very much of a democrat, little of a monarch. He will undoubtedly make use of the ancient moral fervor of the Jews, but He will not overestimate it, neither will He consider it their unique possession.

Being a God of humor, He will perhaps smile a little also at the alleged moral superiority of women. Compelled to chastity at the pain of death or ostracism if found wanting, the "good" woman has built for herself a place of serene and protected virtue. Without knowledge of temptation, she pronounces unerring judgment on the tempted. Man she finds harsh, coarse, immoral; the other kind of woman a creature too vile to be mentioned. She herself, man has told her, if she has not immediate power, has the subtle and surer power of a spiritual influence. Destiny has chosen her as the moral mediator to keep alive the flame of idealism.

Throughout the civilized world there has been felt a stirring, an unrest in the minds of women. They are becoming con-

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scious of themselves, are asking questions. They are recognizing their needs not alone as individuals but as social beings. The next few years will see a growing solidarity of women, a solidarity that will at times and places take on the aspect of a clearly defined sex war. But that there will be a permanent cleavage between the sexes is a false fear and foolish. The temporary struggle is precursor of a future sympathetic understanding such as is possible only between equals, never between superior and inferior. And it concerns such women as have little to gain in the struggle to be most ardent champions of those who might win much, but who are deterred economically and otherwise from making a fair fight. The fortunate woman of to-day dare not complacently isolate herself from her unfortunate sisters if she would save her soul alive.

Solidarity is needful until such time as the political and social demands of women are given their just recognition—but only until then. It is as social entities, divided on grounds of temperament and reason, that women must make their future affiliations. Society till now has known too much, rather than too little freemasonry of sex.

The Jews have long been conscious of solidarity. So long have they been conscious that the tradition projects itself into an age where it is an anachronism. The exclusiveness of the Jews no more belongs to the twentieth century than does Anti-Semitism, which serves to perpetuate such exclusiveness. But so long as there attaches ignominy to the "race," it must be a matter of honor to those emancipated intellectually and economically, not to abjure the name of Jew for an easy advantage. A graver necessity confronts such a one, however. The financially fortunate Jew of America has upon him the responsibility for the immigrant class, who are seeking this country as a release from inhuman and outrageous tyranny. America, contrary to their dreams, does not hold her arms open in welcome. She does not want them, is already regretting that she has made it possible for them to come. The immigrant Jew must look to his fellow-Jew for succor—fellow-Jew only in name, since it is literally true that between the newly arrived Russian immigrant, for instance, and the Americanized German there is practically

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no bond of language, of custom, of religious observance. But the tradition of Jewish solidarity pulls at the heart and the purse-strings of the financially fortunate, and the poverty-stricken immigrant knows help and sympathy.

The educated Jew of America must possess both pride and humor in his dealings with the subtle and sometimes intangible problems that confront him. He were ungrateful to Providence —or Progress—did he cavil unduly at his disbarment from a fashionable summer hotel with the memory still alive of Kief and of Kishineff. Yet, while retaining his sense of proportion, he must see to it that he be judged eventually on his merits as an individual, and that not for another generation shall there be enacted in our colleges and universities, which purport to be the schools of a nobler life, the travesty of the Greek letter fraternities that under no consideration admit an avowed Jew, but are glad to welcome an apostate.

Pride, self-respect, humor—the American woman needs them also in the country where perhaps of all countries in the world she has the most advantages, yet where she is still shamelessly exploited or petted like a pretty child and given sweetmeats. A fine amount of pride she must have and independence, but let her not lose her sanity and balance. She is not better than men, only—through education and training—different. Her vote and her influence will not immediately, or at any time, transform society. Nevertheless she must have the vote, as she must have those other representations—in the professions, on school boards, on marriage and divorce commissions—from which antiquated prejudices are attempting to disbar her. Not for her sake alone must she have them, but for the sake of men, of children, of our common humanity.

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THE I. W. W. AND REVOLUTION

FRANK CHESTER PEASE

LOOKING over the field of American radicalism, at first glance it might appear that the revolution was in a condition of progress commensurate with "general development." From all sides the "dawn of a great social change" is endlessly heralded. One is well-nigh deafened by this self-congratulatory clamor of progress. Liberal magazines flaunt it at us, scholarly books repeat it, that weather-vane of "public" opinion—the press—fairly shouts it from the housetops. From pulpit, lecture platform and soap-box the glad tidings are reiterated, that all who will may listen and marvel.

There are "progressive" and "revolutionary" politics. "New" religions, philosophies and cults clutter the social highway. Much literature and drama is devoted to discussions of or attacks upon Marriage and Puritanism. For a whole decade now, muckraking has engaged the leading journalists. Woman suffrage, a veritable sirocco, is upon us. A tremendous clatter is heard about prison reform—the "social conscience is awakening." Church pews are said to be going empty. The teaching of sex hygiene and many other innovations are being introduced in the public schools. A god-destroying science promotes the comparative method of thinking through the medium of cheap editions and university extensions.

In short, about every brand of reform, every pet scheme of "social uplift," every species of agitation is to be found in these United States. Yet can it be said that the revolution thereby prospers in proportion to industrial development? Are these "signs of the times," these cultural innovations, revolutionary? Or are they something else? Is that historic institution, the ruling class, endangered in its rule, or not?

Perhaps at no time in the history of propaganda in this country, more than at present, does it behoove us to question the validity of much which claims to be revolutionary, take stock of radical "tendencies," and attempt to sift from out these

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"phases of revolution" that which has genuine revolutionary vitality, constructiveness, and permanence.

Just what does a "revolutionist" mean by "revolution"?

During the nineteenth century, St. Simon, Proudhon and others helped to clear the ground for Marx' re-interpretation of history as a series of struggles between the ruling class and the proletariat. Marx and Bakounin definitely established the socio-historic concept "working class." It has not been improved upon since. Despite the numerous parties, unions, and "movements" of the American proletariat, this class division was not clearly established in our propaganda here (if one judges from the records) until the I. W. W. Convention of 1905. At this and subsequent conventions the débris of misconception as to what constituted the working class was finally swept away. For the first time a definite conscious class movement of the proletariat toward revolution was launched upon the American Continent.

At the convention of 1905 as clear cut and decisive a belligerency as was ever penned read: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." This is the keynote of the latest militancy which is stirring the souls of the workers. Furthermore, indicating the far-sightedness and revolutionary character of this premise, not the slightest doubt can be entertained as to just what is meant by "the working class," for the constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World provides that "no person not an actual wage worker shall become a member."

The gauntlet of revolution is thrown. These are no subtle attenuations spun from the dizzy ideality of potential bureaucrats. No chance here to zigzag from industrial propaganda to politics, from some trivial "ism" to the latest fad in social tinkering. Small indeed are the opportunities for internal obstruction at the hands of the petty bourgeoisie.

"Instead of the conservative motto 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'abolition of the wage system.'

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized,

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not alone for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."*

Here we have a definite intent quite independent of and distinct from all other "revolutionary phases." With the birth of the Industrial Workers of the World, we span the disastrous years since the destruction of the International and the Commune, to pick up the broken threads of revolution, and couple ourselves with the fine spirit of revolt which gave these two events significance. History will record that *revolutionists* launched this proletarian organization; it is as if they had declared: "If there is no class war in America, we will *make* one!"

In the birth of the I. W. W. great clarification of revolutionary purpose is evidenced. The historic interval since the International is strewn with mistaken or maliciously false issues. American propaganda, unfortunately, inherited many of them. Realization of this, and of the necessity for a militancy which, by its strictly proletarian constituency and by its form, could meet the growing power of the Industrial State upon its own ground—industry—and at the same time bring new strength and new direction to the revolution, resulted in the convention of 1905.

Is it sufficiently understood just what was accomplished at this the most portentous event as yet recorded in the history of the American proletariat? Is it recognized that the mistakes of the past, the abortive starts, all that débris of misconception and experimentation upon wrong lines was decisively swept away? Is it known that a working class militancy, as such, from now on can express itself in tangible form and more tangible effect, where, hitherto, proletarian militancy had always been dissipated by complex political programmes and impossible Utopian idealisms? Such is the case, however, as is proven in the extraordinary achievements of this young though powerful and growing organization.

At that convention, colonization schemes, "propaganda by deed" (that is, in the outworn political assassination sense),

*I. W. W. Preamble.

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"proletarian militarism" (!), communistic and coöperative associations, consumers' leagues, grangers' unions, craft unions, large union funds, "identity-of-interests" discipline, contracts, old-age pensions, stock-sharing, civic federations, and, not the least, political suffrage and "political action," were, once and for all, weighed and found wanting.

A bed-rock basis has been reached—at last! Proletarian institutions, as such, now have a chance to evolve. Henceforth, we Industrial Unionists are in a position to create a conscious revolutionary structure free from the contaminating influence of that scourge of the ages—the philanthropoid. We can now steer clear of those transient disciplines, instigated by the ruling class, known as "reforms,"—that is, for just so long as we adhere to proletarian fundamentals, which are: abolition of the wage system, abolition of private ownership in social properties, abolition of an unearned increment—abolition, in short, of any and all social instrumentalities whereby the workers are made dependent on a ruling and possessing class. Departure from our strict class division, jockeying with passing innovations, such as alliance with or incorporation of institutions not founded in the spirit or for the purpose we have outlined, means historic repetition—means failure.

Even if those great rebels of the nineteenth century had not bequeathed to us the concepts of social division into "working class" and "ruling class," we have it plainly enough in this last Declaration of Revolt. But give it to us they did and it is upon this basis that American propaganda of the past half century has—at least in theory—proceeded. Let us see how some of the contemporary "phases," "tendencies," and "revolutionary politics" line up with the proletarian conception of revolution as outlined in the determinations of the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is almost axiomatic to state that the ruling class will tolerate all things but that which constitutes or abets a direct attack upon property. It is easy to understand such a toleration when one realizes that the power and the very existence of the ruling class depend first, last, and always upon its control of property. Perhaps at no time in ruling class history has its

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destiny been so intimately and delicately dependent upon property as is the case to-day. Property has achieved highest rank amongst a disappearing race of gods. Indeed, may it not be last of all the gods!

If then, in some tolerant mood, we view these contemporary "phases" from what the "cultural revolutionists" are pleased to style the "broader standpoint," we might agree that they were a manifestation of "evolutionary revolution" (a ponderous platitude worthy of Spencer, and which, by the way, is being overworked in some quarters—à la Spargo, Hillquit, et al.) were it not for one thing: *not one of these "phases," singly or collectively, is a menace to ruling class power as expressed in ownership and exploitation.* Therefore, they are not revolutionary.

It is because of this that so many political, educational and cultural "innovations" are tolerated—yes, and in some cases even fostered, by the ruling class. Yet it is precisely this array of "radical tendencies" which is being heralded far and wide as an infallible proof of revolutionary advance. But revolution rests on no such flimsy basis as these philanthropoids, these "cultural" and "political" revolutionists would have us believe. The ruling class has long since learned that as a fixed historic institution its power is but little—if at all—affected by "revolutions" in morals, in religion, in education, in philosophy, or in politics. It has learned that the *forms* of overlordship may change without disturbing its function. The function of overlordship is to exploit. Throughout history this function has varied greatly in form, but it has never ceased operating. Cromwell, Napoleon, Voltaire and the American Declaration of Independence taught that!

We may anticipate, then, that the issues of proletarian revolution will continue to be obscured partially by the host of innovations which constantly spring up. The philanthropoids' profession is an ancient one; their ranks have not grown less with the lapse of time, nor are they likely to, with the morbid pathology of modern parasitism. But beneath or behind this phantasmagoria of fictitious, transient, and secondary issues, how goes it with the revolution—the revolution in the sense of that fundamental, if misdirected, proletarian affair that spent itself

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in wave upon wave of revolt throughout Europe during the nineteenth century?

We have learned a great deal since the International, when the revolution had so many aims and issues, so many wings and "tendencies." We have learned, for instance, that the ruling class can be and often is god-defying, atheistic, indifferent to religion, and yet continues its exploitation of the proletariat with quite as much zeal as ever. If it be supposed that the desertion of old or the embracing of "new" religions has any revolutionary significance, why, there are many of us who know that Christian Scientists, Theosophists, "New Thoughters," "Free Thoughters," Bahaists and many other philanthropoids are quite as voracious as any of the ruling class. Religion or its absence is no criterion of the revolutionary strength of a period. Exploitation is not decreased by the repudiation of old or the adoption of "new" religions. And exploitation is the all-embracing concern of the revolution. We have learned that people are exploiters of labor, subsidiary exploiters of labor, or they are workers.

Everyone is familiar with those philanthropoids who finance settlement work, foreign missions, who build libraries, colleges, temples to peace, who patronize art, who endow scientific research, who establish foundation funds, and who release not one jot of their power of exploitation. Philanthropy, with its innumerable schemes for "social uplift," does not concern us. Sometimes, in ungrateful equanimity we appropriate its products, or, as in the case of the Sage Foundation, its data. But philanthropy is not a reflex from nor a proof of revolutionary growth. It is a result of the psychopathic tendencies always inherent in social parasites. No more than atheism does philanthropy arrest exploitation, though it is frequently mentioned as if it did, and is said to be a part of the "spirit of the times," that timorous platitude which means historically—nothing!

The increasing "freedom" of women, the great interest shown in literature and drama which deal with marriage, divorce and prostitution, suffrage, are other cases of dank enthusiasm. They too are said to indicate revolutionary prowess. The scarlet banners of "sex freedom" wave bravely. "Woman

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is coming into her own!" "Man" is about to become as a god—chivalrous, brave, "free." This is how they enthuse—these marriage rebels!

We Industrial Unionists perceive the pallid psychopathics of the philanthropoids once again. We are not led astray by their braying. We know that the "ownness" which woman is coming into is a greater and more mechanical exploitation at the hands of the industrial State than was hers in the home. Her arrival in the competitive arena of wage slavery is no proof of revolutionary advance. Indeed, her increasing presence therein may add difficulties to our organization of the proletariat, as she brings a psychology better fitted to the intensifications of exploitation than to its annihilation. She has less instinct for social solidarity than man. Her supposed instinct in this respect toward her own sex has been based not on the ground of her common labor, but on the ground of sex segregation.

The cold-bloodedness of the industrial State exists through its impersonality. It is precisely this impersonality which makes an Industrial Unionist so certain of his ground. It is a *mechanism* we have to deal with—a colossal machine of investment, exploitation, and profit-gathering, that takes no heed of the man, but cannot exist without men. The industrial State is serenely indifferent to the virtue of its female or the domestic status of its male wage slaves. It is not a paternalistic affair—this new industrial overlordship—this Fourth Estate. It is a property-controlling mechanism which measures the proletariat in the aggregate, values it by its labor power, and is after—profits.

Marriage and divorce, then, are not the "problems" of revolution. The frequency with which they are discussed in contemporary literature is no index of revolutionary growth. Their existence or abolition does not in the slightest degree retard the universality of exploitation. To state that marriage would not be affected by proletarian control of industry would be untrue. But to consider that revolution is gauged by the popularity of the Ibsen-Shaw-Strindberg school is equally fallacious.

And yet, with exasperating persistency, the philanthropoid

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continues to confuse revolution with such "problems." The revolution is not a "problem." The revolution is a life to be lived; it is a mode of self-expression. In creating a proletarian structure to combat and conquer the new industrial State, in the daily battles of the war we have declared upon the private ownership of the machine process, we are *living* the revolution into being.

Those to whom the revolution is a rallying-ground for every passing "problem" mistake the increase of toleration in morals and the growth of numerous cultural innovations for a real advance. A false and malicious optimism is thus engendered. Many rebellious spirits are drawn into this philanthropoidal maelstrom and lose sight of the fact that exploitation is the fundamental social affliction. They become disinterested or blind to the fact that revolution is the abolition *by the proletariat* of ruling class power for exploitation, and thereby the social control of one economic group by another.

The muckraking crusade is another case of deplorable optimism. Frightened by the colossal power of the industrial State which has risen before their very eyes, the political State and that portion of the ruling class—the petty bourgeoisie—whose interests can still be best served by it, and who also are still obsessed by the fictional discipline of competition which is so ably kept alive by the forms and traditions of politics, hastened to give battle to the new power. A flood of muckraking literature has deluged the country. Vilification of individuals—the new industrial statesmen—continuous attacks upon trusts, Mormonism, the banking, insurance and credit systems, made "copy" for editors, and brought a good livelihood for the crack journalists who procured it. That mysterious fourth-dimensional race, "The public," is appealed to from every angle. "Reform" and "progressive" politics, along with many other clap-trap "remedies" of philanthropoids, become the vogue. The "spirit of the times" bristles into sublime aggression. "What-are-you-going-to-do-about-it?" becomes the slogan.

It is to be observed, however, amidst this perfervid politico-journalistic uproar, amidst this galaxy of salvational schemes, that one thing has been severely ignored—industrial exploitation.

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This dead weight which shackles the working class in an immeasurable slavery is not probed by these pseudo-radicals. No hints to be had from them of the *source* of ruling class power or of the fundaments of revolution; no casting about in proletarian directions for explanations or release from the tyrannies of ruling class property control. And yet we find those who mistake the pale echoes of reform for the scarlet thunders of revolution.

Is it not understood that the most dominant factor of life—exploitation—is utterly ignored by these philanthropoids? Is the insolence of these self-styled "liberators"—these "country-savers"—still unrecognized? Is it not perceived that the ponderous machinery of investment, exploitation, and profit-gathering functions quite as smoothly as ever? Fie upon us for a race of believers!

Muckraking is no criterion of revolutionary strength. It is not even a social reflex from proletarian aggression. Its inspiration lies in quite another quarter. Pressure on the political State and those it represents came from the industrial State—from above, not below. Proletarian aggression from below has scarce begun as yet! We are still in that stage where, as one Western agitator put it, we "care more for a pamphlet than for a loaf." We should make sure of the source of muckraking before we obsess ourselves with the idea that revolutionary accomplishment is measured by the sordid spoils of muckraking Don Quixotes.

In any analysis of contemporary politics and their relationship to the very tangible process of exploitation, it is necessary that at least two things be thoroughly understood: What constitutes power—social control? And what is its basic mode of expression? What is it? How does it work?

It is scarcely necessary to mention that Marx has ably illustrated the historic function of property in class relations. Even if he had not we have a million examples of it in our workaday lives. Contemporary power is just what power has always been: control over the workers' economic and social existence exercised by the ruling class through their possession of property. Property, profits, power are concomitant.

This power is no longer the exclusive possession of the army of lawyers, politicians and bureaucrats which calls itself the

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political State. Power is rapidly passing into the hands of the new—the industrial—State, whose expression of it is direct, tangible, automatic. There are, in short, but two dominant phases to contemporary life; the office end of business, and the shop end of industry.

To be sure the mental discipline of political tradition still remains with the workers, but the new discipline inaugurated by the machine process is fast becoming sufficient for the needs of the industrial State. It is because there is a new discipline—the discipline of the shop, which affects the workers more intimately and more disastrously than any of the numerous disciplines imposed by overlordship throughout the ages,—that it is necessary to concentrate our militancy in the place where this discipline is exercised. This place is in the industries—" on the job."

The industrial State has so nearly succeeded in imposing its new discipline that it no longer depends on the old disciplinary adjuncts of the political State; the law, Church, political equality, etc. Nor does the industrial State place its faith in the antique notions of " love," " truth," " justice," " mercy," " loyalty," " coöperation." In the very terms of shop life it has at its command a regimen of discipline more insidious, more dominant, more deadly than any the political State ever possessed.

Some of these are, time clocks, piece work, " speeding up," long hours, infinite specialization, monotonous automatic functions, " scientific management," " psychotechnics," and the isolation of the worker in such fashion that he become dis-related to the rest of life outside the shop. The industrial State is rapidly perfecting its own private militia—purely an extra-legal disciplining device, and a matter about which the political State has done much wrangling. But police discipline, per se, is an ancient institution of the ruling class. It is only in its conjunction with their enforcement of the mechanistic shop discipline, and to illustrate the actuality of the industrial State's power, that it is mentioned.

This latest mechanistic discipline of the ruling class is perhaps the most catastrophic which has ever afflicted the workers. It is producing that monstrosity—the possibility of whose appearance has been denied by idealistic schools—the economic man. In turn, out of these facts, there has been created a device to

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offset and to overthrow this latest discipline of overlordship. It is known as Industrial Unionism; that is, union by industries, thence to One Big Union of all workers. Specifically, it is known as the Industrial Workers of the World.

In the struggle between the old political and the new industrial State the latter had won even before the battle began. It could not help winning. Its victory was predestined by the very nature of economic development. The industrial State is not at war with itself. Its existence is dependent on no such attenuated metaphysic as the "political will of the people," but rather on the material needs and wants of the people. Perpetuity of this power of the industrial State lies in the industrial acquiescence of the proletariat.

No question of it! We are not to be deluded by the falsity that power lies elsewhere than in the *control of things*. We are not to be fooled by the manifold phases of combat between these two portions of the ruling class, and led to believe that revolution lies therein. We are not interested in metaphysics, we are interested in realities. Exploitation is very real. In fact it is about the most desperate reality we know of. Revolution is the abolishing of it *by the proletariat*.

In the aggressive acquisition of industrial control the proletariat develops the thing it needs: a sense of social responsibility so essential to an ethical operation of the world's industries, and without which no working class society can ever achieve permanence. In its contemporary battlings for even a margin of industrial control it is developing a sense of power, and will to still greater power. It is accomplishing this by its activities in the terms of industry and not in any terms foreign to the métier in which life has cast it. It is getting a sense of possessiveness over industrial processes. No philanthropoidal alliance with the political State can give it this. The proletariat must take it for itself—on its own terms—on its own ground. It is in this industrial activity sense that there is an historic accretion in the world's revolutionary movement. In America, the Industrial Workers of the World are the heritors of Europe's revolutionary tradition. The I. W. W. *is* the revolution in America. There is no other.

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If that portion of the ruling class which finds itself in a struggle with the powerful industrial State cannot maintain the balance of power through its own instrument—the political State—how is it possible to consummate the aims of proletarian revolution by this means? The proletariat never gave birth to the political State. Proletarian psychology is quite alien from the cobwebby intricacies of statecraft, bourgeois statehood tradition, and the entire intent and function of the political State. Bourgeois political functionings have always been the business of bourgeois politicians and lawyers; meanwhile the proletariat has been "building up the country!" Proletarian thinking is in terms of the industrial process it is immediately engaged upon. The proletariat thinks in terms of wheels, enginery, picks, shovels, levers, electrical apparatus, looms, saws, wagons, wheat, coal, trains, ships, lathes, drills, hammers, lumber and other *tangibilities*. And yet there is a school which would lead this relatively simple psychology into the labyrinth of the bourgeois State!

The success (for itself) of trade unionism has largely depended upon keeping free from political intrigue and intrusion, and in keeping itself concerned with that in which it was chiefly engaged—industry: a far-sighted policy. Too long have some of us been misled by the chimera of politics. There is even less excuse for it to-day than in the nineteenth century, when the political State was still the chief instrument of ruling class discipline over an undeveloped proletariat. We shall never be misled by it again. We know it for what it *was*—the device which the ruling class set up to discipline the proletariat and to regulate the division of the spoils. Nothing more!

Marx' predictions of industrial consolidation are being rapidly fulfilled. But some socialist statisticians point out that small property holders and small shareholders are in greater number than ever. Apparently they believe this justifies the admission of all manner of men to the councils of revolution. Clinging tenaciously to obsolete ideals of proletarian political expression, the revolution is lost sight of, and "revolutionary politics" becomes not alone that which it has always been—a mistaken effort—but a *pot pourri* of conflicting economic inter-

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ests and equally conflicting psychologies. Revolution has become, with these, not proletarian, but "*societary.*" Shades of Marx and Bakounin!

They appear to forget that the consolidated economic power behind this horde of petty shop-keepers, small industrial shareholders and small agriculturalists is not *controlled* by State or national legislators. It is controlled by the new industrial statesmen—the "Masters of Capital," through their clever device of 51 per cent. through inter-locking directorates, through credit and through unnumbered mortgages held by trust companies and banks; the total bulk of which constitutes the newer and greater power, the industrial State.

It is true that these smaller capitalistic beneficiaries are great in number, and that their very numbers obscure ofttimes our revolutionary issues. This fact, however, does not alter their economic relationship to the proletariat. They are allied to the ruling class. We revolutionists know only too well that it is not their economic interests alone which alienate us. Their entire psychology is hostile to the proletariat, and to every effort at proletarian revolution.

Feeling the implacable organized power of the industrial State, they vent their resentment in muckraking, interstate commerce legislation, "trust-busting," and "progressive" politics. But the industrial State is already powerful enough to defeat attacks from every quarter but one, viz., from the proletariat itself. Indeed, the turmoils and "reforms" which disturb this large class of small property owners are frequently instigated by the industrial overlords themselves, in order to clear their councils of the interference of small shareholders.

Again, the political State "dissolves" some branch of the industrial State. What happens? Is the *power* of the industrial State lessened? Not at all. Prices and stocks go up. Dividends increase, and—*exploitation of the proletariat continues!*

The explanation of this seeming paradox is that the political State did not attack the real power of the industrial State. In fact, it could not, for to do so would be to attack the source of its own power as well—the lesser economic interests it "represents" but does not control. Its power and the power of the

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industrial State rest on the same basis that all ruling class power rests on, and that is property and exploitation of the proletariat. The beast has grown, that is all.

It may be mentioned, however, that the two States possess different modes of expression and differing aims. The aim of the political State is to perpetuate the petty bourgeois institution of competition, and to preserve itself in its own form. The industrial State seeks to consolidate all its functions, and to place itself in harmony with mechanistic development. Its will is the will to complete industrial supremacy. We may yet witness a drama more Napoleonic than any visioned by the Corsican. Be that as it may, the two States will continue to have one thing in common—their enmity to the proletariat.

Come, learned acolytes of "political action," read us the riddle of "government by commission," "progressive politics," "trust-busting"—which does not "bust," manipulation of federal finance by others than the Secretary of the Treasury, Interstate Commerce Commissions, extra-legal finance ("panic money"), expulsion of senators, one thousand trusts with a capitalization of $57,000,000,000!

If revolution prospers in none of the foregoing phases of contemporary life, where, then, shall one look for it? The answer is, in the Industrial Workers of the World. The proletarian character of this latest militancy now shaking the world of labor has evoked a psychology and tactic comparable to any which the revolution records. The direction of the I. W. W. is straight upon the source of ruling class power—industrial control. No half-way stations, no tinkering with obsolete experiments, no half-hearted methods, no political "philosopher's stone," but proletarian revolution through seizure of industrial control is our goal.

In the exercise of revolutionary industrial acquisition, collective will is engendered. With will comes the impulse to still greater acquisition, all of which goes into the making of power. It is only by and through power—*tangible,* organized power—that proletarian release from exploitation can be accomplished. History has taught us the greatest of all lessons, that delegated power is no longer power to those who have delegated it. We

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propose to keep our power—which is our labor, the tool and the product—in our own hands, and precisely where we exercise it, in our industrial sphere. No great social ends have ever been gained except by and through the exercise of tangible power. Knowing this, we organize and fight where power is—" on the job."

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only proletarian organization with a potentiality for successful revolutionary aggression upon the industrial State. In form it may be said to be complementary to the latter. As the industrial State has achieved financial supremacy through the technic, form and sweeping scope of its organization, so does the I. W. W. possess potentialities for proletarian industrial supremacy.

But the I. W. W. is more than an organization; it is more than a " problem "; it is more than a " phase." The I. W. W. is an effort, and not a social philosophy. It is a secular movement of men, and not the rallying-ground of aspirants for a New Jerusalem. It is not a " cure-all." It is a new psychology, a new value-creating economic mechanism. It seeks economic control, for that is power. We have discovered that men are significant in proportion to the power they embody. Its militancy is more implacable, more potential, more aggressive than the ephemeral " programmes " with which idealists have tortured the proletariat hitherto. It is a recurrence of what Bergson calls " The Vital Impetus." It is the elemental instinct of life in revolt against the latest enemy of life—especially proletarian life—namely, the automatisms of a mechanistic age.

The last invention of the race is the machine process. As long as this machine process is in the exclusive control of the ruling class, through the medium of ownership, the terms of its manipulation will necessitate militancy and organization on the industrial field exclusively. This is the function of the I. W. W.

One looks elsewhere for a clear-cut revolutionary movement which has done with compromise and experiment, but one looks in vain. In accord with the forms of economic development, we are after precisely what the industrial State now possesses—industrial power. This is what revolution means to us. In such a revolution we see the possibilities of abolishing, once and for

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all, that historic institution, a ruling class. This is the function of the I. W. W.

No, " friends of revolution," we are not interested in a polyglot individualism, with its cults, isms, reforms, and "social uplifts." We are not interested in that agitation which shrieks for the " economic emancipation of woman," yet bids her scorn the union of her class. We are not interested in the individualizing of sweet souls in a death-grapple with their own inflated egotism—the culturalists. Erotic drama is no concern of ours; nor are woman suffrage, muckraking, " progressive " or " revolutionary " politics matters of import. We are interested in the propagation of revolutionary economics, in the organization of the proletariat on strictly class lines for the *actual* control of industry, and the abolition of the wage system. This is our conception of revolution, nothing less.

If ours be pronounced a narrow sinister creed, so be it. But it could not be more narrow nor more sinister than that of the industrial State whose god is profits, whose shibboleth is " scientific management," and whose juggernaut of exploitation crushes all it touches. The industrial State has produced a phenomenon more sinister than anything since gladiatorial Rome. This is that soulless, mindless manikin—the economic man. His presence is an omen of darker social night than the imagination could depict; unless, through revolutionary mastery of his economic destiny, he shall attain self-mastery, and thereby throw off the deadly automatic discipline which the industrial State has imposed.

To accomplish this is the task of the revolution. It is the task which the I. W. W. has set itself. And so, ours is not a narrow or a sinister creed, but quite the opposite. In our autonomous form we are achieving the art of self-direction, than which there is no greater. In the practice of our code that " an injury to one is an injury to all," we derive the inspiration which springs from solidarity. In our struggles with the enemy we are recovering that long-lost instrument—power. Could anything bespeak more for the future of revolution?

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IS APPLIED CHRISTIANITY SCIENTIFIC?

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

I

THERE is a marked tendency at the present time to segregate or pigeon-hole each branch of science and each system of thought. It is largely, I take it, the result of over-specialization at a period when we have not fully adjusted ourselves to the unusually rapid advances along scientific lines. We are stunned by the quick succession of new discoveries. We lack the time, or the will, to correlate them carefully with our former slender supply of knowledge. In our anxiety to measure the shadow of a hand on the wall, we neglect to observe the person whose hand is casting the shadow. Or, sitting securely on our chosen branch of a tree, we fail to consider whether or not the trunk of the tree is solid. Aristotle was one of the greatest scientists of his day, as well as a philosopher; and the same might be said of Thomas Aquinas. But in our own century professors of European history write treatises on Christianity, when they probably know of little else than the political relations of the Church; and palæontologists attempt to philosophize! The result is what one would expect: a chaos of opinion in which even facts are clouded, and incalculable harm to all departments of life.

But one of the most marked results, one which has done more individual injury than the others put together, has been the series of misunderstandings and arguments which has threatened to cut an impassable chasm between a number of men of science and the upholders of Christianity. The misunderstandings, as I believe, have no other foundation than this partitioning of the departments of human activity so that the mind of the scientist is too narrow to grasp a universal idea, and the religionist (if I may use that term) is often unable to comprehend the sense in which the terminology of science is employed. But however that may be, the fact remains that in the field of social discussion, whenever applied Christianity is suggested as a solution of the

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social problems of the day, many students of social science, and particularly those who enjoy calling themselves "radical," are apt to laugh. Christianity, they declare, is unscientific!

Some might make this charge the excuse for assailing science as atheistic. But others would more wisely attempt to sift the facts, and try to discover how far, if at all, the charge is justified, or upon what misunderstanding it is based. I shall concern myself now with the methods of the latter type of Christian, and with the arguments of his strongest opponents, the economic determinists. For it is largely the economic determinists who, enthroned upon their branch of economic science, have sought to turn their branch into a root, and to build the tree from the top down.

I wish to emphasize that it is not my province, here, to substantiate the claims of Christianity as a religion, but merely to examine its philosophy of life up to that point where even an atheist might accept the facts upon which it is based. I shall compare it with the opposite philosophy, economic determinism, and endeavor to find out which, if either, can truly lay claim to being "scientific." I shall try to make no assumptions beyond the facts of experience, and shall confine myself strictly to the consideration of the one point brought up by the simple charge: "Applied Christianity as a cure for the social problems of the day, is unscientific."

Obviously, if the subject is to be treated with any degree of fairness to the systems concerned, two points must be settled before we can reach any conclusion. First, I must define clearly what I wish to be understood by the term Christianity. Secondly, I must settle upon a just definition of what may safely be said to place the seal, "scientific," upon a sociological system.

Although I shall have occasion later to elaborate more fully on my use of the word, Christianity, I shall here attempt to clear the ground somewhat by eliminating for the purposes of the present discussion certain aspects of the beliefs it commonly comprises. Since the protest of individualism was made against Christian unity in the sixteenth century, it has become increasingly difficult to define the theological beliefs of Christianity to the satisfaction of any very large number of people. Perhaps I

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should modify this by saying that in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic countries the difficulty has increased, for, in the Latin regions, Christianity has to all intents and purposes remained synonymous with Catholicity. The few dissentients who have appeared in the latter countries have played no considerable part in the national politics, and the lines have been quite clearly drawn between belief and unbelief, between Catholicity and atheism.

But in Anglo-Saxon countries, as I have said, the question of satisfactory definition in matters of theology has become so great that we are now witnessing frantic efforts to unite a large number of the various Christian sects on a basis of unbelief! I must, therefore, limit my use of the word Christianity to an unfortunate degree. For, were I to include theological beliefs, on the one hand certain sects, and on the other hand atheists, would be dissatisfied either with my definition of Christianity or with the premises upon which I shall attempt to prove it a scientific system. I shall, therefore, include in my use of the word only such ideas as might well constitute a rule of life for an atheist. This limits the significance and force of Christianity to a most unfortunate degree, but since the opponents of the Christian social ideal could not for the most part accept the premises which make of Christianity more than a mere code of morals, it would be time wasted should I attempt to explain Christianity in its full meaning. Let it be remembered, then, that in confining myself to the material social aspect of the doctrines comprised by Christianity, I am acting quite arbitrarily, and am limiting Christianity not because I believe it to be so limited in fact, but because I realize the urgent necessity for establishing a common ground of discussion with its opponents. I can then come more directly to the important point at issue, namely, whether, as a sociological system, applied Christianity is or is not scientific.

"Scientific," in popular language, may mean many things. It may mean thoroughly organized—in which case a successful bank robbery is scientific—or it may mean *well* organized with relation to some definite end, in which event it might better be termed Eunomic. Again, it may be taken as merely signifying modern, or as being the product of the brain of a scientific man. None of these uses of the word is quite accurate.

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Science, properly understood, is the process, or the result, of deduction from observed facts. The conclusions drawn from the observations of certain facts are scientific only so far as they adhere closely to the facts themselves for confirmation. If they attempt to go beyond and postulate conditions or facts not yet discovered, they partake more of the nature of philosophy, and correspondingly less of the nature of true science as such. "Scientific," then, would seem to mean "based on observable facts," or, more accurately still, "so far as we are capable of knowing, in *complete accord* with the facts of experience."

Science itself explains nothing. A law of science is no more than an observed sequence of events, a regularity of cause and effect which lead us to suppose that a certain cause will continue to produce a certain effect so long as our universe shall endure. Hence it in no wise serves to explain phenomena, notwithstanding much popular belief to the contrary; instead it is in itself one of the profoundest mysteries which we, as human beings, encounter. We discover, perhaps by accident, perhaps by deliberate search, that a certain law exists; but do we know why? Do we know *why* an electrical discharge under set conditions should invariably produce ether, or magnetic, waves capable of being recorded at vast distances? The "what" which science has demonstrated only leads to the greater mystery of "why." Correspondingly, a "scientific" method or system is one based on an understanding of the "what," but not necessarily in fulfilment of the "why." A method which would take into account the "why" would be scientific, certainly; but it would be far more. It would be, as I have indicated previously, Eunomic.

Hence, in considering whether applied Christianity as a cure for the social problems of the day would be scientific, we must remember that we are not discussing the suitableness of Christianity to a definite end, nor its probable effectiveness as a cure—although some light may incidentally be thrown on these sides—but solely whether those of its social teachings which relate to man's conduct, morality and social customs in the material sense are or are not in accord with the facts of every-day experience.

Those who claim that Christianity as a social system is unscientific are chiefly those who advocate in its place one or

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another of the systems which are based on an assumption fundamentally opposite to that of Christianity, namely, economic determinism. In fact, Christianity and economic determinism are not only opposed, but are mutually contradictory. If one is scientific, the other is not; although it does not follow that if one is not scientific, the other is! Since, however, Christianity is attacked chiefly from the point of view of the economic determinist, it is almost imperative to review briefly the main features of that point of view before we can settle to our complete satisfaction the main issue. I shall, therefore, attempt a short survey of the claims made by economic determinism to be scientific, or in accord with the facts of experience, and also to outline the main aspects in which the theory has met criticism. After that only can we make a satisfactory examination of the charge brought against applied Christianity.

II

Broadly speaking, economic determinism claims that the nature and point of view of man, his religion, morality and social customs are entirely the outcome of economic conditions. More simply, it might be said that man is the product of the food he eats multiplied by the nature of his surroundings. Upon this basis a huge superstructure is reared, which ramifies into all departments of human activity, into painting, into literature and the drama, but above all into the realm of social discussion.

It is a doctrine which many find attractive. It immediately lessens (indeed, if logically accepted, nullifies) the sense of personal responsibility; which, of course, is a great relief to some natures! By its tremendous emphasis upon the power of property laws and the conditions of barter and exchange over the social customs and actions of mankind, it practically raises inanimate property to an equality with a human being in potency for good or for evil. To this extent, of course, it is the mother of socialism, the only source from which socialism can claim legitimate birth. Yet, at the same time, it leaves moral law the outgrowth and victim of local economic conditions, thus apparently confirming the favorite modern doctrine of excessive individual-

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ism. If our acts and our morality are determined by conditions not within our control, it is only logical that we should live for ourselves alone. In this system, then, the extremes unite fraternally and agree to disagree. Starting in an assumption, economic determinism leads one everywhere—except to the Christian ideal, as we shall see later.

The first obvious criticism of this doctrine is that it applies with equal force to a brute beast—let us say an elephant or a giraffe. No one would be seriously inclined to doubt that either an elephant or a giraffe would prove eminently tractable if well fed and left in favorable surroundings. But one would hardly like to compare the mentality of the average giraffe to that of a human being. It is precisely because the doctrine applies so perfectly to a giraffe or an elephant that it does not apply with equal truth to a man. If man's aspirations were commensurate with those of a giraffe, no one would ever call economic determinism a fallacy. But who would attempt to prove such a premise?

For man, food and housing are not sufficient. If this were the case, the story of Cain killing Abel, and of Dives finding himself in Hell would not so frequently be duplicated in the life about us. Man requires food and rest, to be sure, just as an engine requires fuel; but as an engine is not all fuel, so man is made up of more than economics. He may also exercise choice and discrimination, which an engine cannot. Environment may play a very important part in shaping his point of view; yet, as an individual, he is almost sure to have different tastes from those immediately about him, even from those brought up in the same general environment. His aspirations reach beyond his physical needs. He begins to know envy, ambition, human hate and love. His mind is capable of grasping a universal idea; he sees himself in relation to his fellow men—and tries to get ahead of them!

These are facts of every-day experience. Economic conditions which we would expect to produce almost invariably the worst sort of men, are frequently overcome by the very force of man's will. If the various tendencies in man's nature which I have mentioned above could be reduced to a matter of bread

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and butter alone, the solution of our economic and moral problems would require merely the assistance of a clever mathematician. The rich would nearly always be good (and on that account probably not very rich!) whereas the poor and underfed, instead of being exemplary parents and worthy citizens, as they usually are, would be incarnate spirits of crime. The percentage of moral criminals, I venture to say, is quite as large among the wealthy and well educated as among the poor and ignorant. The criminal methods of the former, however, are much more refined and hence frequently pass unnoticed, or are condoned under such names as " business acumen," " keen foresight," " forceful, dominating personality." In short, wealth and freedom from economic oppression do not, as we should infer from an economic determinist standpoint, produce a higher morality. Practical experience has demonstrated this.

The facts of experience, then, by which alone we must judge the " scientific " qualifications of a system, do not seem to substantiate economic determinism. But there is yet more to be considered. Has anyone discovered as a reasonable basis for economic determinism the process by which food distils into a certain quantity of love? Or has the number of inches round a man's money bag ever measured the envy and hate he could bear his neighbor for having a still larger bag?

With mentality, it would seem, comes the possibility of mental disease as well as physical. Nor do I now refer to those diseases of the *brain* which are obviously the cause of certain tendencies toward specific evils in some men's natures. By the possibility of mental disease I mean the power of man's will to revolt against love, to turn traitor to a code of morals which instinct itself has taught him to respect. In this power of the will to betray itself, experience tends to show us, we must find the source of all human evil, be it spiritual or physical, social or private.

But the economic determinist, although claiming to be scientific, is unwilling to accept these plain facts of experience. He continues to maintain that man is not really diseased mentally, or that, if he is, the disease, like a fever microbe, enters him from without, and does not breed spontaneously from within. The economic determinist demands, therefore, a system of social re-

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form which shall re-make man through his property and economic surroundings. He demands that the State (a creation of man as far as its institutions are concerned) shall re-create man himself—largely, one takes it, by giving him more to eat! The logic of this reasoning may seem tortuous; but it is claimed to be "scientific," hence sacred.

This survey of economic determinism is necessarily brief and superficial, since I wish to come immediately to the main issue, namely, an examination of the charge made against applied Christianity. But from what we have seen of the economic determinist doctrine, we cannot well call it "scientific" according to the definition of that term which we have adopted. It is, of course, negatively scientific in that it explains nothing. But on the other hand, it is in strict accord with nothing, so far as we can ascertain. Yet any qualifications of out and out economic determinism must tend to bring that doctrine in closer alignment with the Christian view of society. We are now prepared, therefore, to examine the charge that applied Christianity, as a standard to guide us toward social betterment, is unscientific, that is, "not in accord with the facts of experience."

III

I have already imposed certain most unwelcome and stringent limitations upon myself with regard to my use of the word Christianity. I have agreed to confine myself as far as possible to the merely material social aspects of the doctrines which it comprises.

First, however, I feel that I should point out two fundamental tenets of Christianity as a social ideal. On the one hand, life is understood as being not an end in itself, but a period of test in which our faith, or our will to believe, is tried through virtue of the limitations which are placed upon our understanding. Our faith is in the Divinity which has created us and is drawing us to Himself. On the other hand, during this period of test, we must direct our physical acts in accord with the natural laws established by the Divinity, with the laws of love. Faith without good works is dead. But good works alone without faith are

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equally dead, since they are not directed toward an end in union with Divinity, but, imperfect as they are, are made ends in themselves. Christ taught that above all we must love our God; but that the next most important commandment was like unto this, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In brief, faith, and through faith good works; and Love as the keynote of all.

This, then, is the essence of Christian social teaching, and from this basis all else is reared. But for the present discussion I am obliged to omit the vitally important factor of Faith, simply because I would no longer be on a common ground with the opponents of Christianity. I can consider only the second in importance of the two great commandments, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," the command that our life should be one of works of love. This limitation will destroy the full meaning of Christianity; but on the common ground of observable facts, I wish to show that applied Christianity is scientific, and since there is not space for a long metaphysical discussion, I must be satisfied with this aspect alone of Christianity.

Now let us remember the charge of the economic determinist. Applied Christianity, he claims, is unscientific because it is based on mere sentiment. Economic determinism on the other hand holds that what evil there is in man is the result of conditions without himself, and that we must eliminate this evil by changing man's economic surroundings, and not, as would the Christian, by appealing to the individual conscience.

The crux of the question seems to be, "what is the source of evil?" If we are to overcome evil scientifically, we must know its source. The economic determinist, as we have seen, has failed to take into account all the facts of experience. His system does not even explain the "what." Does the Christian view, on the other hand, give any valuable light on the subject?

I have hinted previously that the source of all human evil must be sought in the power of the will to revolt against Love. Christianity claims to be the religion of Love; it claims further that all the positive commandments are summed up in the idea of perfect Love, toward God or our neighbor as the case may be. If love is perfect, then evil cannot enter in. My statement, therefore, that evil results from a revolt of the will against

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Love, is in accord with the essence of Christian teaching. But does this statement accord with experience?

In the first place, I must explain the full significance of Love. It is generally spoken of as a sentiment, as an instinct which prompts us to fulfil the designs of nature. But it is far more than that! It is not only a mental or emotional force, but is the *one positive force of the physical universe!*

Scientists recognize love everywhere in the world about us; but they call it by other names. To science it is known sometimes as "attraction," sometimes as "adhesion," again as "cohesion," or still more commonly as "magnetism." All the observable laws of nature—if scientists would see it clearly—may be resolved into laws of magnetism or attraction; and the negation of magnetism produces nothing but disorder, or, as I shall show, *heat!*

This fact is so seldom, if ever, realized, that I must give a few examples of the working of this great law of love, or magnetism. The ordinary process of congealing or hardening is, in reality, the evidence of increasing cohesive or magnetic force. The cohesive bonds tighten, a contraction takes place—which, be it carefully noted, is always accompanied by the sensation of increasing *cold*—and the body in question becomes more "solid." All "solid" substances are held together by magnetic bonds, which the application of *heat* tends immediately to destroy. The moment heat is removed, most bodies tend to resume their former state. The application of heat, then, results in disorder, or the disruption of magnetic bonds. Heat, therefore, is *negative* in its effects!

But disorder itself seems to be the original cause of heat—or rather, of that strained sensation of particles forcibly separated which we commonly experience as "heat." For example, if a resisting wire be placed between the magnetic poles of a dynamo so that it interferes with the *order* of the regular magnetic circuit, the wire becomes *heated*. The principle of the incandescent light is based upon this invariable action. If the magnetic waves (often called "electrical") are passed through water, the water *decomposes*. Friction, which is nothing more than the rubbing away of small particles of matter, hence a viola-

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tion of cohesive force, always results in heat. The magnetic waves caused by the electrical discharge of a wireless telegraph transmitter create a disorder in the normally tense magnetic lines. The result of these waves in the coherer of the receiving station is a slight burning or oxidization, which at once forms a closed circuit. Again, disorder in the human body caused by *abnormal* acts of excess results in disease, which, if properly understood, is nothing more than a process of destructive heat, or decay.

An act of disorder, then, or an act in opposition to the force of Love (call it "magnetism" if you prefer) would seem always to produce a negation of law, a chaos, of which the manifestation to our senses is a feeling we call "heat." Literally, then, opposition to Love, as proved by science, produces self-destruction, a "second death," heat, or, if you will, a genuine "Hell-fire!"

Now Christianity teaches that we must strive toward a more perfect and complete Love in all the relations of life. Opposition to love brings about evil, that is, disorder, negation, "heat." In the social order this negation is experienced as strife, restlessness, that "social unrest" of which we hear so much. This experience also shows us.

It would seem to be proved negatively at least that the keynote of Christianity is in accord with the facts of experience. The "peace" to "men of good will" would really seem to be the peace brought about by the desire to accord with and not oppose Love. But science is still more positive and emphatic in supporting the Christian philosophy of life.

Science shows that the world is slowly progressing from a state of chaos, "heat" and disorder to a state of cold where life and activity—the accompaniments of the transition period—will no longer be possible. Activity, as we ordinarily understand it, is a mere evidence of restlessness, a state of semi-demagnetization, of semi-heat. To life as we know it, a golden mean is necessary, an excess of either heat or cold being fatal. Nevertheless, as I say, the world is gradually tightening its cohesive bonds, gradually lessening the strained conditions which result in "heat," and a time will come when, like the moon at present, it can no longer accommodate human life. The whole universe is

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advancing toward a state of greater magnetic order, of greater Love.

On the positive side, therefore, Christianity is also in accord with the demonstrations of science; for it makes an ever-increasing love and peace the keynote to the universe. The scientific philosophy of Christianity is the supreme philosophy of the ages!

I have said that Christianity implied faith, or the will to believe, and works of Love. The supreme effort of the will, then, from the Christian point of view is to separate that which is in accord with Love from that which is opposed to it. The faith is the will to believe in the Supreme Love, which gives motive to all our works. Our works of Love are the result of that faith, whether it be fully realized, or only instinctively. Hence from the Christian point of view the importance of a bond of love between God and man, a religion, to act as an inspiration for good deeds.

Applied Christianity, therefore, would seem to be the application of religious belief as a motive force for acts of love. But for the present, since the economic determinist could not accept the premise of Faith, we must consider, not the motive forces for actions, but only the results, that is, works of love as a social ideal, works of love brought to being by the voluntary effort of the individual to accord with love instead of opposing it. This leads us to the remaining point to be brought out, namely, the truly essential difference between the Christian and the economic determinist point of view.

The economic determinist denies the power of the will to revolt against an accepted principle of morality. In fact, morality itself, from the determinist's view, is not a permanent law; it is an ever changing factor, the outcome of economic conditions. Even the operation of the scientific law of love is not recognized, nor is evil seen to be the negation of this law. It is not seen that the very fact of the existence of evil in the world necessitates the power of a will, an agent independent to a degree of mechanical forces, freely to oppose love. If the will could not directly oppose this all powerful love, where would evil arise? There would be no negating force! Yet the economic determinist—claiming always to be scientific—condemns not only the existence of per-

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manent morality, but the power of the will to oppose such laws if they existed. He denies the power of the will to be a traitor to Love, and hence denounces the marvellous Christian ideal as unscientific sentiment!

But the failure of the economic determinist himself to be scientific merely emphasizes more strongly the complete accord of Christianity with the facts of scientific and common experience. If the science of Love were only more generally recognized, instead of being clouded by the over specialization of this century, Christianity would at once take its place as the greatest of all sciences.

With applied Christianity proclaiming as a scientific fact the supremacy of the universal law of love, and applying it to the individual conscience both through persuasion, high religious motive, and through effective legal channels, the true social science would have come into being. Without this science of love as the basis for action, every effort at social reform must be as a mere phantom, a false image of the reality it dimly reflects. The great power of the individual, independently of his surroundings, either to revolt against Love or to place his entire being in accord with it must be recognized; and it is applied Christianity alone which properly upholds this standard. When the Christian science of love is applied, the State shall no longer attempt futilely to re-create its creator, but shall be regenerated by him, infused anew with the one positive force, Love!

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A WORLD CRUSADE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

THEATRE-GOERS have recently found interest in a play called *The Servant in the House*. That drama is one of many proofs that the Christ-ideal is being yoked to humblest human service. A companion picture, with no mystic figure in it, might be written. The central character would be a woman, little known and not on the calendar list of saints; a woman gently born and bred, occupying at will high social position in an aristocratic group, lovely in personality, and gifted with power of persuasion, Marie de Pollalion by name. Left a widow in early life, she became governess to the children of the Duchess of Orleans. After a while the atmosphere of the Court became revolting to her and she left her position to devote herself to the service of the poorest and most distressed of her sister-women. She established industrial schools for girls incompetent to self-support, opened refuges for outcast and suffering women, and shops where the unemployed might find both shelter and work. She personally sought the objects of her help and this made her life a dramatic experience. Learning one day that a poor young girl in whom she was interested had been lured to a house of ill-fame, she ran to the place, and bursting past the door-keeper with an impetuosity which would not be denied, entered the house, sought, found and claimed the girl, and took her away to safe refuge. In that house she found a number of gentlemen of the Court who were her familiar acquaintances, and these she rebuked with such severity and scorn that they fled discomfited from her presence. This incident led her to think much of the peculiar position of those women, above the average of their class in intelligence and breeding, the prostitutes still young and beautiful who lived luxuriously by the patronage of men of wealth and power. Learning of eight such women who lived by themselves, in freedom from control by extortionate "madam" or "master" and seemingly in voluntary choice of this manner of life, she disguised herself as a servant and took service with them. Adopting

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the dress, the manner and the function of a household helper, she devoted herself at first to earning their commendation for her skill and faithfulness. The first week, we are told, she "only prayed for power" and said no word to indicate that she was there for anything but the usual relationship. The next she began a subtle course of "suggestion" of better ways of life; a word dropped, as if by thoughtlessness, about home and relatives; a song, as if sung to herself; a printed page left about as if in carelessness; a gentle touch as of humble loving-kindness as she arrayed her eight mistresses for their evening entertainment. The third week she revealed more of herself and such was the magnetism of her nature that by the end of the month of her work as "Servant in the House" she carried all that company of women back with her to a new start in life. What a picture a genius might make of such an experience!

Such a dramatic picture would reveal the vital urge of sympathetic feeling that started the crusade against vice; that passion of pity which bade the shepherd leave the ninety and nine sheep who were safe and warm in the fold and go out into the storm and dark to find and succor the one stray lamb. Although, however, this world crusade began as rescue work, it could not remain a mere effort to save one here and there from among those abandoned to evil. It had to grow wider and deeper; to force effort further and further toward the causes of the evil to which these women were abandoned.

The fire of love and service to individuals has indeed not died away. It shows itself in great national movements of rescue and help like the Florence Crittenden Mission and the Salvation Army. It flames in new efforts of personal ministry in devoted probation officers and in Big Brother and Big Sister movements. It will never fail while any element of religious devotion remains. No man or woman, however, can long face at first hand the actual conditions without learning that there are other and more important aspects of prostitution than the need to rescue a few lost women. Marie de Pollalion herself found it necessary to supply the unemployed with paid work in order to help the poverty-bound; and in all schemes of rescue work the economic need has place. Enlightened States have also recognized the

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necessity of training in honest self-support the girls sent to public institutions for reformation; and hence industrial training for all offenders still young and teachable has become the rule in reformatories.

The second great element in the early movement against social vice, however, was not one for initiating thorough-going treatment of the economic aspects involved, but rather a conscious and determined effort to abolish State licensing of houses of prostitution, and all its attendant slavery of women. This was the master incentive which called together and made effective the moral leadership of the enlightened world. The would-be rescuers had learned that to pluck a brand from the burning when she was "registered" and set apart as a legally permitted prostitute was well-nigh impossible, and that an imperious "demand" supported by the State would inevitably secure a "supply" that no philanthropy could effectively succor. Hence the first impulse to save a few women was necessarily extended to the determination to destroy the legal bondage of all engaged in the business. The "Servant in the House" had to become the advocate before the Court and Parliament. The passionate love that sought to lead a few back to the light had to be enrolled in the army that was sworn to destroy the blackest slavery the world has known.

In the year 1875 this impulse toward abolishing State regulation of vice reached its conscious and definitive expression. The events leading up to that movement are narrated in the little book *The New Abolitionists,* published under the direction of its leaders in 1876. This book contains an account of the journey of Mrs. Butler to Paris, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan, Geneva and other continental cities to stir the conscience of the people and help to form permanent bands of workers against the State license system. Returning to England, she and those whom she led, formed the "British Continental and General Federation for the Abolition of Government Regulation of Prostitution." The Right Hon. James Stansfield, M. P., who led the fight in Parliament for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases acts, in England, accepted the presidency, and Josephine Butler the honorary secretaryship, and M. Aimée

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Humbert of Neufchâtel became the able Continental correspondent. M. Humbert had been ten years Chancellor of the Swiss Governmental Federation, and still occupied a distinguished position in the public affairs of his country, and was also well known throughout Europe; and his adhesion and practical service placed the abolition movement at once upon a footing which commended respect even from its opponents.

Workers in Italy, France, Germany and other countries united with those of England in this coöperative association. Organs of the movement soon appeared; *The Shield* being the British publication. Steps were taken the first year for the holding of an International Congress under the auspices of the Abolitionists, at Geneva in 1877, in connection with the fifth meeting of the International Congress of Medical Science. The British Medical Association, which was a constituent part of that body, had already demanded, on grounds of public health as well as of morality, that legal license of prostitution be abolished in Great Britain. The attitude of the medical profession as a whole, however, gave reason to fear that the cause would be lost if put to a vote in the International Medical gathering. It was therefore felt that the Federation for Abolition should appear with a strong array of speakers and workers to hold its first great meeting directly following that of the medical scientists. As M. Humbert well said, this should be done "to formulate the results of the triumph if our cause gain a victory among the representatives of science, or if a majority of the Medical Congress declare against our work, that we may give a refutation to their errors on the very morrow of their proclamation and at once weaken their deleterious influence on public opinion." The result of this action was to secure at the Medical Congress itself a more outspoken and morally earnest discussion than had ever before been held on this subject, and to call together at Geneva in the first Congress of the Abolition movement many distinguished and eloquent advocates. The medical men were not all convinced, but the presence of such a body of able reformers had a great influence upon them. M. Humbert, who, with his gifted wife, entered upon this crusade at an age when most people feel themselves entitled to rest and to

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enjoy well-earned honors in peace and happiness, issued from the office of *The Continental Commissariat* a programme for the work on the Federation which was not only a complete statement of the movement as it was perceived by the pioneers in the work, but contained some items which showed that he was deeply sensitive to the effect of the oncoming economic tendencies. He placed last on his list of proposed labors of the Federation that element which was historically the first to initiate its work, namely, the impulse toward rescue work and personal effort for the salvation of individuals. He declared that "the Federation would favor refuges and strive to help all institutions exercising preventive action, such as employment agencies, protective measures, lodging houses and the like." But he added, as vital parts of this "Benevolent Programme," which up to that time had been hardly heard of as essential to the crusade against the social evil, but which now loom largest of all in the minds of most, "the raising of women's wages" and the "question of industries suited to young girls." He placed first in importance, however, the "political point of view," the aim of the Federation to "oppose the toleration of vice on the part of the State on any pretext," on the ground that "the State, as representing justice, may not itself support moral wrong." M. Humbert also showed his prophetic quality by making prominent the first pledge of an international body ever yet recorded, "to strive for the elevation of the standard of morality among *men*" and to "fight against the prejudices and conventions of the world in things which concern morality."

In Italy a fire and passion not manifest elsewhere were imparted to the movement by the affiliation of the old "revolutionists" led by Garibaldi, and by the instantaneous response of working-men to the call to oppose State license. The venerable Maurizio Quardrio wrote of the Federation cause, "I, who am the oldest among Mazzini's disciples, believe with our master that this question, which the upper classes consider of trifling importance, is inseparably linked with the gravest problems which weigh upon society at the present day." Count Saffi, one of the triumvirs of the Roman Republic of 1849 and afterward professor at the University of Oxford, and revered by thousands of

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his countrymen, wrote to Signor Giuseppe Nathan, who was in active charge of the Central Committee of the Federation for Italy, "The laws regulating prostitution strike out 'women' from the world, and substitute the 'female'; thus, on the pretence of medical tutelage of society, fostering a sore which destroys its most sacred foundations,—the sanctity of the family; man's respect for woman, which he owes to himself even more than to her; and all human dignity in the relation of the sexes."

Prelates and leaders of the Church joined in the Italian movement; but it was left to a working-man, whose name was not divulged, to stir the hearts of the people of that country in a passion of revolt against the State license system. The common people, long silent in sullen submission to conventional rules and the domination of the rich and powerful, had more and more come to see that prostitution is one of the phases of class privilege, and hence this outburst from a fellow-worker awoke a storm of wrathful assent. The *Letter from a Working-Man* was published in the Italian organ of the Federation, *Emancipazione,* and was in answer to a leading physician who had written in defence of the Regulation laws. "If there are people," said the workman, "who have nothing better to do than to eat and drink and play the dandy in a café, who believe prostitution to be a necessity, we working-men do not believe it. If they think that they ought to spend not only the money but the morality of the nation in order to maintain a standing army more or less healthy, we working-men do not want this. What do we care about the balance of power if it can only be kept straight by paying those who hold our side up by the sacrifice of the virtue of our daughters? Let those who make such a noise about the necessity of prostitution not forget that in order to satisfy this necessity the dishonor of the daughters of the people is indispensable, since as yet no worshipper of these medical theories has been willing to sacrifice the daughters of the rich. Instead we find gentlemen employing every method of seduction that men or devils could invent to drag poor girls of our class into the mud at an age when, to those who understand that art, corruption is an easy task. We who work twelve and even fourteen hours a day know only too well that food is a

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necessity, but we never forget that it is a duty to satisfy even that necessity lawfully. And as to maintaining a wife and family, it is not workmen or peasants who remain unmarried because they cannot afford to keep a wife. That which is done under sanction of law by Government doctors is infamy and we workmen know that it is so, whatever gentleman may say or think."

The letter from which these burning words are quoted was published in many editions and translated into several tongues. About this time, also, three suicides occurred which gave shocking point to the denunciation of the license system. One was in England in a "garrison town," where any woman might be arrested and forced to be examined by one of the Government physicians and placed on the "register" as a "public woman" if suspected by the police of being immoral. This woman, a young and attractive widow and found afterward to be of spotless character, had worked since her husband's death to support two very young children. Losing her position through no fault of her own, she wandered about the streets almost dazed by her trouble, trying to determine where she should go, or to whom she should appeal to secure another chance to earn bread for herself and her little ones. A police officer arrested her as a "suspicious person" and she was commanded to prepare for the examination and threatened with immediate registration. Ignorant of any way to save herself from the ordeal, she rushed wildly from the court and drowned herself in the river before she could be reached. A second instance was in France, where a young girl denounced as "probably immoral" by an anonymous letter, which in the "Morals Police Court" at that time was a sufficient legal reason for arrest both in France and Italy, was brought before the Court. Against her agonized appeals and those of her aged parents, who testified to her good character, she was obliged to submit to the Government doctor, who assured the police that she was "as pure as a baby." She insisted upon his signing a written statement to that effect, and then dashed to the open window and threw herself upon the pavement below, from which she was taken up dead.

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Another case occurred about the same time in Milan, where a girl of extraordinary beauty, but poor and inexperienced, was decoyed into an unlicensed house of ill-fame by the promise of honest work, and there told that if she did not accede to the demands made upon her she would be placed in the hands of the police as "a regular prostitute" and thus be put upon the "register" as a "public woman" and be worse off than if she were quiet and did as she was told. The girl was locked into a room to render her obedient, and placed herself upon the bed, clasped her crucifix in her arms, and breathed fumes of charcoal until she lost consciousness.

The taboo of silence concerning the social evil had by this period begun to lift from the public press and these instances of the working of the license law were widely commented upon and served to call forth many similar instances known to workers among the poor but hitherto not publicly described. This made the work of the new Federation seem more necessary to many plain people who had not before recognized the dangers of the license system in relation to virtuous but exposed womanhood.

The International Federation for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice still exists. Its work is not yet done; but its later reports show that the license system is weakening in all its strongholds. After thirty years of effort it was able to report that in England, Norway and a part of Switzerland license had been abolished; that in Germany, so long deemed impregnable, many influential forces were fighting against it, including every important women's organization; that in Italy immense gains had been made, Dr. Santoliquido, the official chief of the Department of Health, using his power to supplant gradually the old system with free treatment and efforts to lessen vice; and that in France, so long the pride of Regulationists, the system was confessedly in ruins, having broken down at every point in attempts to stop, to lessen, or even to prevent the increase of the diseases against which the system was devised.

In our own country, with its widely diffused and many-sided legislative control, the Regulation system has never been legally established by national or State action. Individual cities, however, have tried various forms of partial or complete license and

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"tacit permission" is common, and few, if any, municipalities have dealt squarely and consistently with this matter. Sporadic attempts to introduce the worst features of foreign systems have always, however, encountered a strong public sentiment of opposition.

In 1876 the New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice was formed, and to this body we were long indebted for the arousing and focussing of that sentiment at critical moments. Before the appointment of this committee several Moral Education Societies had attained useful prominence: one at Boston under the leadership of Abby Morton Diaz and kindred spirits; one at Washington, D. C., led by Dr. Winslow, who in *The Alpha* reached many thoughtful persons, although her radical views concerning sex-relationship in marriage prevented a wide influence for her magazine; and one in Philadelphia, under the wise leadership of Mrs. Peter Lesley and Mrs. Enoch Lewis, which was distinguished by the practical work of securing the signatures of fifty-nine distinguished physicians to a public "Declaration" affirming that a chaste life for both sexes is consonant with the best conditions of physical, mental and moral life. This declaration and one of the same tenure from New York physicians of equal prominence, constituted the first open entrance of medical men into the field of moral prophylaxis and was therefore of the greatest importance. The formation of the New York Committee was inspired, however, not by the educational, but the legal needs of the situation, and was the direct result of the visit of two messengers from the English crusade against the Contagious Disease acts. These English workers found a welcome waiting them from Mrs. Abby Hopper Gibbons, a remarkable woman who, born in 1801 and dying in 1893, embraced within her long public service every phase of the social purity movement. Worthy daughter of her father, Isaac T. Hopper, whose benevolence was only equalled by his gentle earnestness, she early entered the conflict against African slavery; and with her husband, who was a noted Abolitionist, made their home a refuge for escaping slaves; so well known as to be marked for the destructive fury of the rioters of 1863, who burned the house with all its treasures while Mrs.

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Gibbons and her daughter were at the front ministering to soldiers of the federal army. With her father founding the N. Y. Woman's Prison Association (later associated also with the honored name of Josephine Shaw Lowell) and helping to establish the Isaac T. Hopper Home for released women prisoners, Mrs. Gibbons had the interest and the training that led her at once to see the need for organized effort in the United States to counteract the influence of the European system, which had already vitiated the thinking of many police magistrates and physicians in this country. She became the first president of the new organization and retained that position until her death. Her tact and resourcefulness seemed illimitable. How often she saved the day when crises arose in the struggle for wiser and more humane methods of dealing with the wayward and unfortunate, no one can know, but she was often summoned to Albany, as leaders in the legislature telegraphed, "Send up the little Quaker lady at once."

The N. Y. Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice merged its life in the American Purity Alliance in 1895, signifying by its change of name and organization the nationalizing of its scope, and the increase of its objects. This change necessitated securing a trained leader to give whole time to the work, and a "knight without fear and without reproach" was found for the task, Aaron M. Powell. To him the people of the United States owe more than many know for labors which saved our country from the blight of State license of vice. When a lad of nineteen years of age, Aaron Powell attended an anti-slavery convention and became convinced that he must take up the cause of the African slave. His speaking face must have revealed his purpose, for Sojourner Truth, with her intuitive feeling, pressed to his side and reaching out her long arm placed her big black hand upon his head and said, "I'se been a-lookin' into your face and I sees yer in the futur' a-pleadin' our cause." The boy fulfilled the prophecy of the "Black Sibyl," and from 1854 to the events which substituted the dread arbitrament of war for urgent moral appeals, he devoted his life to the cause of the slave; acting as the editor of *The National Anti-Slavery Standard* and speaking constantly. After that the temperance

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cause attracted him and he served for twenty-two years as the editor of *The National Temperance Advocate*. When the Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice merged its work into the larger organization of the Purity Alliance, Aaron Powell was enlisted to carry its banner in *The Philanthropist,* which was its organ, and to lead in the legislative and propaganda work which was needed. So compelling in his moral earnestness that no sane man, however bad, could despise his influence, so wise in judgment, so elevated in thought and so quietly eloquent in appeal that no audience even of stupid and unscrupulous legislators could hear him unmoved, he became the tireless watcher on the walls whom no movement of the enemy escaped until death found him in the midst of his labors. He held city after city and commonwealth after commonwealth back from the wave of impulse toward State license which pressed in from the other side of the ocean; and at the same time led the educational movements with sane guidance. So modest, so self-sacrificing, just and true was he, that no comrade-worker ever detected a fault in his private character to mar his public achievement. Like Mrs. Butler he had happily a helpmeet to share the hardships of his service and cheer and aid him in every way. It is not without significance that among the "earth's great bridals chaste and calm" are not a few partners in this great cause. Such comradeship in the struggle against an evil which most of all slays love at its hidden root, prophesies "that wedded constancy that sweetens all from its deep heart."

The present hour is one of tumultuous awakening on the subject of the social evil. Not, indeed, as it has been called by one newly come to its intensity, "a new conscience for an old evil," but a new stirring of the common life. Nearly sixty years of organized effort under the leadership of the moral élite of all enlightened nations, years in which the sensitive conscience of two generations was trained to effective work, work without which the present attitude of the public mind could never have been reached, cannot be called "new." What is new is the emphasis, often too exclusive, placed on the economic causes of prostitution. What is new is a clear understanding of the vital need of youth for morally protected recreation. What is new

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is, not concern for the sanitary aspects of the social evil, but a clearer conception that the great black plague is one of those preventable diseases which humanity is under bonds to the future to get under social control in both sexes and under all conditions. What is newest of all is the advent of art, as handmaid of reform, and the appeal, sometimes loud-voiced and coarse, and therefore questionable in its total effect, but strongly demanding and receiving the attention of the common mind in drama, fiction, painting, sculpture, poetry and current literature.

To one who recalls the meetings presided over by the pioneers in this cause, a mingling of beauty and horror remains as their lasting effect. The exquisite refinement of taste that made plainness of speech incapable of offence; the delicacy of perception that chose unerringly words needed for each occasion and each varying audience, so that although the timid and conventional might be shocked and frightened by revelations of dark truths, they could never be disgusted; these things have left a memory as of angelic guidance through an inferno that must be explored. By these signs the advance army conquered in this reform in the first struggles. These men and women used no fancy sketches, no highly wrought fiction, no extravagant inferences from a few undigested facts, to strengthen their appeals. The yea and nay of the plain speech of Friends was native to the lips of many of them and all were too deeply consecrated to too difficult a task to use words lightly. To-day when the newspapers find vice reports and white slave prosecutions "good copy," and "best sellers" deal with the worst phases of the social evil, and the drama finds its most intense sensations in the underworld of sin and suffering, there is some danger that the need to keep this subject of all others on a high plane of ethical fastidiousness may be forgotten.

Moreover the artist's treatment of moral questions often gives such unusual contrasts of light and shade that those interested only by dramatic fiction may lapse into reactionary torpidity, when they find general facts not fully justifying the special presentation. For example, the haunting horror of *My Little Sister,* by Miss Robbins, owes its power to the consummate art with which the charm, the high breeding and the aristocratic

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home seclusion of the victims is contrasted with the pit of infamy into which their tender beauty was flung. But this is not the type of girl we find sold to the slavery of vice. Were all the doors of all the "terrible houses" of London flung open to the agonized seeker one such maiden as "My Little Sister" would hardly be found. It is common girlhood whose moral and physical being is at stake. Girlhood not very charming, not very well bred, cultured or beautiful, but fresh and sweet with youth and the potential power of womanhood's service to the race. If normal (and many are below that plane), they are simple, ordinary girls, "creatures not too bright and good for human nature's daily food" and precious, not for their rare quality, but for the very commonplace part they are born to play in the drama of life. These are the girls that the world's conscience must be pledged to protect and save. The fact, however, that Miss Robbins has written this story, with its imaginative spur to that world's delinquent conscience, is the vital fact. It shows that art itself is forced by the Time-Spirit to take cognizance of this deepest tragedy of outraged girlhood. We may differ, also, about the use of Miss Eberl's *White Slave,* hawked in the market place by her monstrous captor—whether it should appear on the cover of *The Survey,* or only inside as illustrating a special article, or whether it should be excluded altogether from a magazine open to the reading of young and old in the family circle. But the vital fact remains, in any case, that sculpture has at last been moved to portray what to be seen, as it is, must compel social destruction. To-day the World Crusade against the sex-slavery of woman, which began in secret chambers by consecration of those who offered good name, fortune and life itself in ransom, has become a mighty army in which all may enroll with ease and honor.

The American Purity Alliance established its Vigilance Committee in 1907 to focus effort upon abolishing the traffic of commercialized vice, and this committee has become a National Association with men like David Starr Jordan, Cardinal Gibbons and Charles W. Eliot at its head. The educational side, reinforced in brilliant and effective fashion by Dr. Prince Morrow in his Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, has become

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nationalized in the Federation for Sex Hygiene. Expert investigation of vice conditions is now a common experience of cities under local commissions, and is set a high example of scientific thoroughness by Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau of Social Hygiene. These varied approaches to the new Abolition Movement may well be united in one great organization pledged to cover the whole field in order that the specialization demanded by efficiency may not defeat its end by over-lapping of effort. Led by such an army, fitly officered, the race may emerge from its age-long subjection to social vice and its inevitable results. Led by such an army, the human race may at last take its function of parenthood seriously, and grow generations better born, better bred, better taught and better circumstanced, to justify the dreams of poets and the prophecies of seers.

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POEMS

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

I

THE GHOST AT THE PIANO

WHAT master's fingers are on those keys?
Chopin, of course, first dreamed and played
And out of his magical mad brain made
The moon-and-starlight witcheries
That enfold us now: but look at the breeze
That quivers over the ivories!
Has the great man's ghost not been well laid
That it comes back here into times like these,
Revealing itself as a wind to the trees?

Of course:—a wire, that box over there
Our hostess holds, an electric spark,
And the music follows: but watch those keys
Tremble and dance in the dim half-dark
That the flickering golden downward flare
Of the hooded candles gathers where
A player *might* bend at his mysteries.

The hooded candles on either side,
In the dusk between—the wraith of a man!
The man himself, who lived and died
So hard, so soon,—yet's glorified
By encompassing in his narrow span
Worlds that the best of us never can!
A little imagination,—and there
Is the long black coat with its graceful curves,
The high white neck-cloth, the crisp brown hair,
The high-held long bold head above—
But it bent too low at George Sand's love!

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Look thro' his misty back at his hands,
The long white fingers like naked nerves
Flying to carry his soul's commands,
Feeling the way for the dips and swerves
Of his dream, his dream, his hope and pain—
The fiend at his throat, the god in his brain,—
And each resolution wails "In vain!"

Now the lights go up, and all is changed.
A Chopin nocturne in the gloom!
A good conceit—it is well arranged:
There's a buzz of pleasure about the room.
The auto-piano deserves all praise—
It's a splendid thing in its gilt and glaze!
And Chopin's ghost is out in the snow
Cooling with Keats, McDowell, and Poe—
Prometheans burned that we might glow!

*

Dead, now, these—million years or so.

II

SERENADE

ROSE and lily lights are on the river;
Rushes are awhisper in the dusk;
Silkenly the clustered aspens quiver;
Hints the air of meadowsweet and musk;
And the iridescent summer eve is falling,
And gleam the gorgeous windows of the day;
And a lonely hermit thrush is calling, calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

Would thou wert the twilight, I the river:
Thou a golden bullrush, I the dusk:
Thou the air and I the leaves that quiver
To its breath of meadowsweet and musk!

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For the summer night is lonely, falling, falling,—
And lonely are the windows of the day;
And the lonely thrush's heart is faint with calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

Would we both were twilight on the river
Shining 'mongst the rushes in the dusk:
By the secrets of the aspens set aquiver:
One with air and meadowsweet and musk!
So the summer night would close us in its falling,
And the stars light up the windows of the day,
And the hermit thrush's rapture stop his calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

Shadows creep and glimmer on the river;
All the rushes tremble in the dusk;
Mournfully the clustered aspens quiver;
Faints the air with meadowsweet and musk;
And the vast, strange night is falling,
And darkened are the windows of the day;
And the hermit thrush's heart is broken, calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

III

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

WILL you not come? The pines are gold with evening
And breathe their old-time fragrance by the sea;
You loved so well their spicy exhalation,—
So smiled to smell it and old ocean's piquancy;
And those weird tales of winds' and waves' relation—
Could you forget? Will you not come to me?

See, 'tis the time: the last long gleams are going,
The pine-spires darken, mists rise waveringly;
The gloaming brings the old familiar longing

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To be re-crooned by twilight voices of the sea;
And just such tinted wavelets shoreward thronging—
Could you forget things once so dear—and me?

Whatever of the waves is ceaseless longing,
And of the twilight immortality:
The urge of some vast, inchoate aspiration
Akin to afterglow and stars and winds and sea:
This hour makes full and pours out in libation—
Could you forget? Will you not come to me?

What golden galleons sailed into the sunset
Not to come home unto eternity:
What souls went outward hopeful of returning,
This time and tide might well call back across the sea.
Did we not dream so while old Wests were burning?
Could you forget things once so dear—and me?

From the dimmed sky and long gray waste of waters,
Lo, one lone sail on all the lonely sea
A moment blooms to whiteness like a lily,
As sudden fades, is gone, yet half-seems still to be:
And you,—tho' that last time so strange and stilly,—
Tho' you are dead, will you not come to me?

IV

THE FLAME-FLOWER

SO red it floats in forest glooms
One does not see the stem like wire
That lifts its little gleaming blooms,
Its cyme with all the hues of fire.

So like a tongue of flame o'er the old,
Rough, hoary rocks it waves its light
Of crimson, scarlet, and hot gold,
Its slender body fails the sight.

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Its thin gray stalk puts out no leaf;
Its little blazing flowers are all—
And summer brings them soon to grief:
But how they flame before they fall!

V

EVENING ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE

THERE'S a beauty on the work-tired faces
That endlessly flow by:
As if each carried away some promise, some prediction
Of peace out of the day's turmoil:
Some joy, be it only from the lifting of the burden,
The day's end of toil.

They are ready for the benediction
Of soft light from high windy spaces,
For the twilight benediction of the sky.

There's pain to regret, hardness perhaps to pity,
On these faces;
But their souls are alive.
They have found something, somewhere in the city
To make up for the gentleness of flowers,
The peace of grass, the stolidity of trees.
They have thriven, they thrive
Among the carved canyons and towers;
They feel, they trust, they know: these
Are no brothers to the ox, but sensitive, passion-wise.
You may read it on their faces,
In the clean set of profiles keen to strive,
In the quick uplift of eyes.

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For the most part,
They have kept the faith.

Unconsciously they must have taken to heart
The daring of spun steel on which they walk
In the wind-fragrance, between sky-streamer and low white river-wraith:
The whole beauty and magnificence and holiness of New York.
The level light brings out something of religious emotion
In the calm lips and brows:
As each, with stirrings of a dim Moslem-like devotion,
Remembered his hope and his soul
At the down-going of the sun.

Beyond a vast proscenium of towers,
The tired day
Bows herself away
Like a dancer in an orange-flaming stole
Whose turn is done.

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THE IMPORT OF THE SUPERFICIAL

B. Russell Herts

THE world has become noisy with fundamentalities. Everywhere we see little people strutting about looking for the bottoms of things. Folk whose fathers were content to dabble around in their own particular set of stupidities without speculating much further than the following Saturday's payroll are now discussing problems and movements and fundamental things generally.

Dissatisfaction with things as they exist is pretty general and the little people have started out to adjust it and bring to solution the difficulties of the ages. The expense in good black ink and good heavy paper to which the world has been put to publish the panaceas of perplexing nonentities has never been so great as it is to-day. The stage is largely occupied by puerile problem plays while the press is compelled by popular demand to dispense still more puerile propaganda articles. The cults and the isms are thriving and anyone can start a movement who has six personal friends, a studio and a touch of paranoia.

So we have all these little people roving the realms of sociology, science, philosophy and morals, with big black spectacles fastened to their craning faces and geological hammers ready to knock off projections everywhere on our later half-petrified formations, and to get down to what they expect will be bed-rock. We hear it said that there is no movement that has not its usefulness; and, indeed, the Theosophists, the Single Taxers, the Eugenists and the Cubists, with all the hundred other manifestations of desire for better things in each of their fields, each and all have their degree of merit and worth. They are valuable for one thing particularly, and that is for showing a tendency of the age. They can scarcely be credited with supplying this tendency to our time, since they each drive (or carry, if one feels favorably inclined) in a different direction.

There is something, however, that is common to all of them, and that is that they seek the basic fact of existence, the fundamental remedy of error as they see it. The typical Socialist is

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obsessed with the idea of employing economic power; the Christian Scientist is equally obsessed with the use of spiritual power; the Physical Culturist is dominated by the desire to create physical prowess; the Futurist is determined to discard the conventions of the past; while the thorough-going Anarchist would let everybody do just about as he pleases. One might be a follower of almost all the movements, and then he would be a fundamentalist with a vengeance.

That would be the most admirable and desirable type of human being were it not for the fact that there are elements in existence of the greatest import that are not within the scope of any labelled movement. There is a certain calm thoughtfulness and generally progressive tendency common to all genuine and intelligent people that is neither dominated nor dominating. It simply persists aside and in spite of the violent outbursts of propagandists. Contemplation is one of its considerable elements and tolerance is one of its chief effects. The lackeys of new creeds look upon it as a superficiality. Its possessors are not spouting such a volume of water as the more radical whales and so they seem to be sailing in shallow seas. Really, it is never lack of courage that keeps them on the surface: it requires sublime courage not to be an intellectual diver to-day—the epithets of the seekers of the bottom are so fulsome.

What strikes one most forcibly about the habitués of causes is their intellectual ugliness. Generally rasping, their thinking on all subjects is crude and perverted. They possess power, but it is the power of a very lumbering elephant who cannot manage itself when it gets into steep places. If the road is blocked with petty opposition it can knock its objectors over and proceed; but on a free yet rocky path it rolls about from side to side and may even turn a few somersaults on the way.

The man whom the propagandists deem superficial is saved from these mildly ungraceful proceedings. He is commonly supposed to do little more than save himself in this fashion. In reality he goes down the ages as the tribunal before whom all causes and all movements and all propaganda are tried. His is the judgment that will not perish. In art he furnishes taste to posterity. In science he supplies the undiscredited facts of the

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future. He is the backbone of the generations; and while difficult to characterize, he is thoroughly recognizable, and decade after decade he goes on being born, growing in thoughtfulness and tolerance and reserve force, and coming to act as the great creative modifier of opposed violences. He represents the most attractive type and the most important, and through him man's lasting and permanent progress must come.

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BERNARD SHAW AND THE FRENCH CRITICS

ERNEST A. BOYD

IT is not long since *Candida* first revealed Mr. Bernard Shaw to an unsuspecting Parisian public. After a preliminary experiment in Brussels, this play was produced in Paris in 1908. In the Belgian capital M. Hamon had taken the natural precaution of introducing the author to the public by means of a lecture on the Shavian Drama, thus lessening the inevitable shock which *Candida* must have produced on the uninitiated. In France, unfortunately, the only attempt to soften the blow was a short *conference* on *Candida* itself by Mme. Georgette Le Blanc-Maeterlinck. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the success of Brussels was not repeated in Paris. The acting was far from satisfactory, and resulted in giving an atmosphere of sexuality to a play in which the struggle of sex is purely intellectual. Moreover, the whole play was interpreted in a tragic, rather than a comic key and was therefore unintelligible. The traditional trio of the French drama, *le mari, la femme et l'amant,* seemed to be present in *Candida,* and no doubt it was for this reason that the play was chosen for a first experiment. But, as M. Cestre has pointed out, this apparent resemblance proved the greatest obstacle to the understanding of Shaw. The familiar premises being granted, the French public was not prepared for the apparently paradoxical conclusions which the author drew from them. M. Faguet expresses this feeling clearly when he says that Shaw is not sincere, that his *dénouements* are too traditional, too moderate in view of the audaciousness of the author's theses. Compared with Ibsen he is wanting in depth, his characters are "all on the surface." "We understand why Nora Helmer leaves her husband and children," says M. Faguet, but few French critics would understand why Candida remained with Morell. The relations between her and Marchbanks seemed utterly incomprehensible in Paris. The famous scene in which Morell leaves Candida and the poet alone was a sad disappointment to an audience accustomed to the passionate interludes of the Boulevard drama. At last it looked

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as if a real "dramatic" moment had arrived, but Shaw, with, as it seemed, deliberate malice, fails to rise to the situation. Marchbanks contents himself with reading verse to Candida until she falls asleep. Naturally the audience was indignant at being deprived of a traditional, if illegitimate, thrill. The poet must have produced an effect somewhat similar to that of Charteris upon M. Filon. "*C'est un homme qui ne fait la cour aux femmes, ni pour le bon ni pour le mauvais motif—comme on l'a dit des Anglais en général, il s'amuse tristement.*" As for Candida, the same critic says she is not a real woman but "the incarnation of a paradox." On the whole the play interested the critics rather than the public. Some of them compared Candida to Nora and Hedda Gabler, to the advantage of Shaw, who was credited with trying to combat the "emancipated heroines" of Ibsen by exalting the traditional domestic woman. He was hailed as "an inferior English Ibsen."

The failure of *Candida* resulted in the lapse of a considerable period before a second attempt was made to acclimatize Shaw in France. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was not produced until February, 1912. Meanwhile M. Hamon, the French prophet of Shavianism, had delivered a course of lectures at the Sorbonne on Bernard Shaw and his work. In this country we are supplied with prefaces so that we may understand the true significance of the author of *Candida*. It was, therefore, necessary, in the absence of these elucubrations, that some one should prepare the way by a preliminary exposition of the dramatist's point of view. Thus, pending the translation of the plays, M. Hamon provides the information necessary for the enlightenment of his countrymen. Finally, when the public had been sufficiently impressed, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was submitted to its newly awakened judgment. This play, of course, arrived in Paris with the inestimable advantage of having been censored; a fact which was sufficient to guarantee the sympathy of the intelligent and to arouse the curiosity of those who were indifferent. It seemed also that the efforts of M. Hamon had not been in vain for, without being enthusiastic, the reception of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was much more favorable than that accorded to *Candida* four years ago. There was some disposition

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to take the play seriously, and several critics went so far as to admit that Shaw might possibly be described as "a thinker."

It was inevitable that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* should be compared with *La Maison Tellier* and *Yvette,* owing to the similarity of the problems treated by Shaw and de Maupassant. Naturally opinion favored the French writer, whose treatment of the question was held to be immeasurably superior to that of Bernard Shaw. Vivie Warren was accused of having narrow-minded middle-class prejudices, and her lack of emotion alienated sympathy. In spite of her profession, Mrs. Warren gained the approval of the critics by her natural humanity, as contrasted with the inhuman intellectuality of her daughter. That Yvette should revolt at her mother's life from sentimental, emotional motives was comprehensible, but nobody could understand or, at all events, sympathize with Vivie, when she leaves her mother, not so much for moral reasons as from a desire to be independent. The aggressive puritanism of Vivie Warren was contrasted unfavorably with the charm and freedom of Yvette, who was none the less pure in the conventional sense. This, of course, detracted somewhat from the success of the piece, which was viewed almost entirely as a presentment of the particular problem which Vivie and Yvette had to face. The wider significance of the play, in fact Shaw's fundamental thesis, was apparently lost in the theatre, for it does not appear in the comments of the critics. M. Henri Bordeaux perhaps had some inkling of the truth for, when he described Shaw's irony as "anti-social," he must have felt all that was subversive of conventional morality in this criticism of existing social and industrial conditions. But he too cannot refrain from crushing Shaw beneath the weight of de Maupassant, whose *Maison Tellier* he considers a more effective study of the perverted sense of honor which Mrs. Warren displays. As the chief exponent of banal traditionalism M. Bordeaux could hardly sympathize with Shaw, nor would he dare to speak disparagingly of a writer like de Maupassant. Consequently, while he accepts *Maison Tellier,* in which precisely the same point of view is expressed, he accuses Mrs. Warren of "insincerity" when she tries to justify her profession. "One would imagine," he says, "that the author took her seriously." In-

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comprehension could hardly go further than this. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of M. Bordeaux's criticism is his justification of his preference for *La Maison Tellier* on the grounds that if it is "rather ignoble," it was, at least, "amusing." Thus we have the spectacle of a champion of conventionality who objects to a serious discussion of prostitution because it does not amuse him. M. Bordeaux, it seems, holds the same view as the English Censor, who tolerates what is respectably indecent and forbids all that is "unpleasantly" serious. At the same time, while he sees the humor of prostitution, he is horrified at the sacrilegious witticisms of Frank Gardner at the expense of his father. But, of course, M. Bordeaux is one of the staunchest supporters of the French family system. Any departure from the attitude of slavish submission upon which that incredible tyranny is based, would seem to him a step in the direction of anarchy. In spite of his evident and natural irritation at seeing his most cherished convictions subjected to criticism, M. Bordeaux hastens to inform Shaw that he should have contented himself with trying to frighten the English middle-classes. It is useless, he pretends, to attempt the same thing in Paris where "people are rather used to dramatic subjects of a daring kind." "The wit of Mr. Bernard Shaw," he concludes, "astonished us here by its seriousness, not by its irony. We are surprised at so laborious a paradox." Yet some years ago M. Filon was so shocked by the "painful" nature of *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* that he confessed to some hesitation in summarizing it for readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. No doubt during his prolonged residence in England M. Filon had become affected by that English sensitiveness from which M. Bordeaux imagines himself and his countrymen immune.

Only three of Bernard Shaw's plays have been produced in Paris, while the French public is still awaiting the publication of his complete works. In the circumstances it is obvious that his appeal in France must be distinctly limited. At the same time it is hardly possible to form a just estimate of a dramatist whose works have not been published and who can only be studied in the theatre, or in the single volume of *Unpleasant Plays* which has just appeared. Literature must be the ultimate test of

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drama. While it would be too much to assert that Shaw's work is literature—he himself has described it as journalism—it is nevertheless primarily addressed to the reading public. The combination of Fabian pamphlet and philosophic dialogue which Shaw usually sets upon the stage has little dramatic interest, the ideas alone have any value and they can be best appreciated in their printed form. These considerations, however, have had little weight with the majority of French critics, who have no hesitation in pronouncing judgment upon Bernard Shaw, in spite of the fact that his work is, for the most part, inaccessible. *Candida* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* upon which their opinions rest, have not been seen, in their entirety, while even the title of *You Never Can Tell* has been mistranslated.

The elaborate prefaces and discursive stage directions, without which the Shavian drama would apparently be unintelligible, were, of course, not forthcoming at the Théâtre des Arts. As may be imagined, the criticism based upon such imperfect knowledge was singularly inept. The quotations which have been given from M. Henri Bordeaux, represent the bulk of what has been written in France on the subject. Shaw's ideas are described as "ancient novelties" calculated, no doubt, to shock English susceptibilities, but merely tiresome to the enlightened French public, which cannot, we are told, be startled. Apparently this failure to surprise condemns Shaw irrevocably in the eyes of these critics. They never stop to inquire whether he could have any other object in view, having decided beforehand that he could not have any ideas to impart. It would never do to admit that an English play could shock a French audience, the reverse operation being the time-honored privilege of France. They agreed, therefore, that Shaw must be labelled banal and old-fashioned. Certain critics, however, were undoubtedly shocked by Shaw's immodesty. They complained that he "beat the big-drum" in order to draw attention to his genius. This appeal for self-effacement and reserve on the part of those who hailed Rostand with enthusiasm, is not without its humor. On the production of *Chantecler* it was effectively demonstrated that in the art of "log-rolling" and self-advertisement there was nothing that Shaw could teach Paris. It would perhaps be un-

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kind to remind these champions of modesty that their own literature is singularly rich in examples of men who failed to practise the virtue of retirement; Chateaubriand, for example, whose "very skeleton was vain," as Lemaître recently said, *à propos* of the famous tomb at St. Malo, or Hugo whose ego-mania was proverbial. The recently constituted Hugo Museum is surely one of the most vulgar, offensive advertisements that ever disfigured the memory of a great man. A moment's reflection would have warned these critics of the danger of the proposition that a writer of talent must necessarily cultivate the virtue of humility.

Apart, however, from the criticism obviously inspired by a superficial examination of *Candida* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* several eminent critics have turned their attention to the author of those little-understood plays. These studies have been mainly concerned with the dramatist, although occasionally, as in the case of M. Régis Michaud, attempts have been made to include the novels and to sum up the general teaching of Bernard Shaw. M. Michaud's study was clearly the work of an enthusiast writing in the early days before the failure of *Candida* revealed the abyss of misunderstanding which separated Shaw from the French public. Speaking of the absence of emotion in Shaw's work he says that it is "dialectic rather than pathetic, making one think of 'a story of Voltaire or a philosophical drama of Renan.'" He examines at length each of the well-known plays and some of the novels, but his task is one of exposition, he seldom criticises and his comments are usually favorable. Toward the end he ventures upon a prophecy which has yet to be fulfilled. "Translated into our language Shaw would have more than one claim upon us, by all that is social, purely intellectual and even Utopian in his work." M. Filon, on the other hand, is not so sympathetic. "Shaw would be a great dramatist perhaps, if his plays were only—plays," such is the keynote of his criticism. He, in his turn, proceeds to give a summary of Shaw's plays, but not in the impartial manner of M. Michaud. He waxes virtuously indignant at *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* while *Arms and the Man* is evidently too much for his traditional French love of the *panache.* Even M. Cestre, the

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most rational and intelligent of Shaw's French critics, prefers not to dwell upon so painful an exposure of the popular conception of glory. Similarly M. Filon revolts at *The Man of Destiny;* as Yvette Guilbert said, "Shaw's portrait of Napoleon is too true to the original to suit the French." He accuses Shaw of repeating the calumnies of Gillray and of Seeley, in modern times. His explanation of this phenomenon is not devoid of interest. Shaw, it appears, hates Napoleon because, "like Shakespeare, he is still discussed"; he occupies a certain space in history which might otherwise be devoted to George Bernard Shaw. But M. Filon's chief complaint is that while the Shavian drama is rich in characters it is devoid of situations. "His gallery of women is astonishing— They are all real and living except Candida." On this point he is in agreement with M. Michaud who says: "You would think that Shaw had endowed his women with all the feeling he denies to his men." This unanimity of opinion, which is reflected in French criticism generally, contrasts strikingly with the view of English critics, who have invariably objected to the "Shaw woman." It is probably due to the fundamental difference between the treatment of the sex relations in English and French literature. Shaw's view of sex, being more human than the artificial romanticism to which we are accustomed, brings him nearer to the French mind. But this point of contact is exceptional. As a rule the mentality of Shaw is widely separated from that of his French critics. M. Faguet, for instance, who is usually a tolerant and penetrating critic, sees nothing in Shaw's work except "paradox pure and simple." He denies that there is any philosophy underlying this paradoxical form. Shaw cannot be sincere, he argues, because of his violence and exaggeration. He lacks the calm, moderation and profundity which distinguish Ibsen, even when the latter's thesis is most daring. He is "a clown disguised as a preacher," not "a preacher and a mountebank," as he once described himself. Nevertheless M. Faguet compares him to Swift. "In my opinion this man is simply a satirist, but he is the greatest satirist of the present time." He doubts, however, if Shaw will achieve success in France. First, because the French are tired of paradox; nowadays, to be original in France, a writer must "dare"

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to be simple. Secondly, because his work is essentially English, and difficult to understand outside the country in which it was written. The cant and hypocrisy which Shaw attacks are, of course, common on the other side of the English Channel, but the details of his satire are peculiarly English and involve a knowledge of local conditions. In conclusion, M. Faguet promises him the appreciation of the "élite of the French nation," as soon as his works have been properly translated. In France there are ten thousand people capable of enjoying really intellectual literature and they will not fail to do justice to an author "who has the wit of Swift and Sterne combined." Thus the *amende honorable* of M. Faguet.

French criticism has so far displayed the same hostility to new forms and ideas which characterized the attitude of the English critics toward Ibsen and Shaw himself. France, however, can point at least to one adequate study of Bernard Shaw and his work, while England is as yet without anything of the kind. In addition to Mr. Holbrook Jackson's interesting little book, we have had a characteristic effort of Mr. Chesterton's, and the "authorized" biography of Mr. Archibald Henderson. None of these can be compared with the recent volume of M. Cestre. *Bernard Shaw et Son Œuvre is* probably one of the finest studies in foreign literature which has appeared in France for many years. The author has those gifts of clearness, lightness and order, and that power of synthesis, which are characteristic of the best French criticism. M. Cestre modestly claims to have merely written an introduction to Shaw for those of his countrymen to whom he is still unfamiliar. Invaluable as his book will be in this respect, it may yet be read with interest by the most ardent Shavians. Into the "chaos of clear ideas" which constitutes the work of Bernard Shaw, M. Cestre has succeeded in introducing order and method; in an admirable introductory chapter he sketches Shaw's biography, his early journalistic work, his socialistic propaganda and finally his *début* as a dramatist. Henceforward the bulk of the volume is occupied in a masterly analysis of the Shavian drama, which the author divides under the following headings: Social realism, psychology, love, morality and social philosophy. The spirit in which he approaches the

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plays, may be judged by the statement with which he begins. "One cannot judge the dramas of Shaw, as one would any other dramatic work of less depth, by simply estimating its descriptive reality and its emotional strength. In order to enjoy and sometimes even to understand them, it is necessary to have stopped to consider the ideas which they contain; the characters and feelings, the action and even the emotion, depend upon the thesis." As the thesis is precisely what French critics have consistently misunderstood or failed to grasp, M. Cestre never fails to bring it out clearly in the course of his analysis; he sets forth the fundamental ideas with which Shaw approaches life's problems. The reader is enabled to get the Shavian point of view, so that what appears to be "paradox pure and simple" resolves itself into the mere statement of facts viewed from a different standpoint. M. Cestre's attempt to set forth the philosophy of Shaw, will be a rude shock to those who had decided in their infinite ignorance that the author of *Candida* was engaged in the familiar pastime of trying to *épater la bourgeoisie*. This prejudice is so deeply rooted that even M. Faguet is only half convinced of the truth of the author's contention that Shaw is a serious critic of social conditions; he accuses M. Cestre of reading more into Shaw than he contains, of "clothing him rather too much as a philosopher." M. Faguet will have to wait for this translation, for which he guarantees an intelligent public; he may then change his mind, when he has studied Shaw's work. At all events he will be better able to appreciate the admirable chapter in which M. Cestre discusses the matter, as distinguished from the form, of the dramatist. This constitutes what is probably the finest exposition of the Shavian philosophy which has yet been given.

Under the title *Le Molière du XX^e Siècle: Bernard Shaw,* M. Augustin Hamon has just published the first six lectures which he delivered at the Sorbonne in 1909. On his own showing his qualifications for acting as the interpreter of Shaw in France are (1) that he is a socialist; (2) that he has an imperfect knowledge of English; (3) that he is more familiar with sociology than literature. These idiosyncrasies are painfully evident in the volume in question, which rivals in ineffectiveness

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the "authorized version" of Shaw for which we are indebted to Mr. Henderson. M. Hamon has evidently strictly followed Shaw's advice that he should qualify for his task by "going to the circus and watching the methods of the clowns." Filled with a boundless enthusiasm for his subject, devoid alike of a sense of style and a sense of humor, the author shrinks from nothing. Shaw is not merely the profoundest of philosophers, the most trenchant of humorists and the greatest of moralists, but he is also "a dramatist of genius." He is classical, mediæval and modern. He has the style of Voltaire, Renan and Anatole France, the imaginative strength of Rabelais, Rousseau and Beaumarchais, and the artistic touch of Hogarth, Holbein and Gainsborough. M. Hamon is never at a loss for a comparison or a superlative. His judgments in literature are disconcerting and confirm his own statement that he has hitherto left the subject severely alone. In order to prove that Shaw is a great classical dramatist he embarks upon a history of the theatre, manufactures a definition of drama which will suit his own conclusions, and then proceeds to interpret dramatic literature in the light of his theories. Thus he has been able to make the discovery which is his sole original contribution to the criticism of Shaw, namely that the latter is "the Molière of the twentieth century." He was the first to identify systematically the work of the two writers, although both M. Filon and Mr. Henderson had already compared Shaw and Molière.

Having incorrectly attributed to Aristotle the law of the three unities, M. Hamon formulates the golden rule of drama, which is that it should "please." He then proves that Shaw pleases, therefore we must conclude he is a genius. Why he should not have called him "the Aristophanes of the twentieth century" is not quite clear, for he states that the absence of acts and scenes in the Shavian drama is renewed from the Greeks. However, let us see why he compares him with Molière. They are identical in the absence or unreality of plot and action, they invented the play with a central figure, they mix comedy and tragedy and they are both moralists, the philosophers of common sense. Like Molière, Shaw takes the part of youth against old age, he is no respecter of persons or institutions, his servants

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play important parts and parody their masters, he is an optimist and his morality consists in obeying the laws of nature. These are the superficial resemblances upon which M. Hamon bases his belief that Bernard Shaw is the Molière of the present time. With a similar lack of any sense of proportion, and the same data, it would be possible to prove that Shaw was a tragic dramatist like Æschylus, or that his plays were identical with the farces and moralities of the mediæval theatre. In fact at one moment M. Hamon apparently wrestles with this temptation, but finally contents himself with the statement that the women in Shaw, like those of the *chansons de geste,* are the pursuers and captors of men. M. Hamon should re-read Molière and try to understand why *L'Avare* and *Tartuffe* still live. He may then ask himself whether *Candida* or *The Man of Destiny* will be appreciated after the lapse of three hundred years. When he has convinced the world of this we shall be prepared to regard Shaw as "the Molière of the twentieth century," but not until then.

It would be hazardous to prophesy the success of Bernard Shaw in France. As has been shown, criticism oscillates between the unqualified hostility of the ignorant and the equally indiscriminating idolatry of M. Hamon, whom he has chosen to translate his works into French. It seems that in so doing he has deliberately decided to lessen, if not wholly to destroy, his chances of appealing to the French public. M. Hamon admits himself that he has no qualifications for the work, beyond his admiration for Shaw's ideas. Thus the task of translation, always a delicate and difficult one, has been intrusted to inefficient hands, as witness the title of *You Never Can Tell,* so inadequately, if not incorrectly, rendered by "On ne peut jamais dire." Shaw once said that he himself was the greatest obstacle to his success. In France he will be seconded in this work of obstruction by his translator, to whom he is attached, as M. Robert d'Humières has said, "like a criminal to the rope which hanged him." The same critic described this as "a defiant and heroic act," being nothing short of "suicide on the threshold of our admiration." It is a pity, for France has many things to learn which Shaw could teach her, even though he be, in the words of M. Filon, "an iconoclast who has, so far, only broken cheap

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plaster casts of our immortal gods." A people notoriously conservative and unusually critical of literary form would naturally have had some difficulty in accepting Shaw's work. Defective translation will not help to simplify the process of assimilation. M. Hamon, however, may console himself and his victim with the *tu l'as voulu, George Dandin* of the author whose name he does not scruple to take in vain. Meanwhile M. Cestre, maintaining the best traditions of the great critics for which his country is famous, will serve as an admirably sane interpreter of George Bernard Shaw in France.

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IN PERFUME LAND

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

READERS of modern literature undoubtedly have often wondered at the persistent hints given by authors in regard to psychological influences of odors on human emotion, and the possibility of raising perfumery to an art of some pretension. These suggestions, being mostly nothing but individual impressions derived from the enjoyment of some perfume, or vague ideas how this new field of æsthetic sensations might be cultivated, are too speculative to be of any practical value. They only show that there are serious minds almost in every country, who consider the sense of smell capable of artistic and intellectual functions.

Prompted by a similar belief I tackled the problem several years ago, and by private tests and occasional experiments in a circle of friends endeavored to arrive at some *practical* conclusions. The scientific literature afforded but little assistance, as the writers on the physiology of smell, like Bernstein, von Vintschgau, Cloquet and Ramsay—to mention only the most important ones,—deal largely with the physical causes of smell, comparative studies of the olfactory organs and the chemical constitution of smell-exciting substances and not with æsthetic possibilities.

The only contribution, which seriously broaches this subject, is *The Art of Perfumery* by Dr. Septimus Piesse, the French chemist who invented the "Octophone," a scale in which forty-six different odors are arranged in such a way that each of them corresponds with a note on the piano. They are complementary and can be combined to harmonies as sounds to a musical chord. It is a valuable guide on a quasi-scientific basis for the manufacturers of perfumery, for it is only necessary to strike a chord on the piano, and to know what odors the respective notes of the chord represent, to arrive at the suggestion for some new bouquet. For æsthetical experiments, however, his system is of but little value. The affinity between sounds and odors is purely speculative. Although one cannot deny that the lowest *e* in the

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base corresponds with the heavy, almost obtrusive smell of patchouli and the highest *f* in the treble with the soft, yet penetrating aroma of civet, it is impossible to note a similar and so distinct resemblance in the majority of the other odoriferous substances, which Dr. Piesse selected for his scale. Their relation to the corresponding notes is based purely on individual opinion.

It is obvious that if perfumery could ever be carried to a higher pitch of perfection, its poetic effectiveness must be based on the more pronounced physiological characteristics of smell itself and not on laws borrowed from some other art. I realized this one day on testing several new compositions. The atmosphere was laden with some heavy, extremely pungent odor like Concentrated Carnation, and the first impression I received from it was almost overwhelming in its obtrusiveness. Strange to say, only a few minutes elapsed before the impregnated air seemed absolutely odorless to me, and when I opened other bottles, each filled with a different distillation (less powerful than that of the Concentrated Carnation) I was to my great astonishment able to distinguish clearly the different smells. I had imagined that my olfactory nerves had been deadened to all other sensations.

This experience made me acquainted with three important physiological facts: 1. that the first moment of contact with an odor is always the acutest one; 2. that even the most persistent smells become imperceptible to the olfactory surface after a few minutes' exposure (contrary to the visual and aural sensibilities, which are affected by the sensations as long as they are renewed); and 3. that different odors exposed in the same atmosphere never mix, but, subject to their specific gravity and the prevailing motion of the air, continue to assert their individual sensations of smell from time to time.

The incapacity of the mucous membrane to distinguish more than one smell at a time bars all attempts to convey several odors to an audience simultaneously. An æsthetic enjoyment in the realm of smells can, at present, be derived only from a succession of single odors, so arranged that their sequence forms an artistic unity, vaguely resembling a melody. The monotony of constant succession can be relieved by contrast, repetition in different de-

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grees of intensity, more or less rapid succession and the gradual passing to a climax.

Having thus established a satisfactory theory of expression, I began with my experiments. My instruments consisted of atomizers with air pressure attachment, which carry the spray to a distance of about nine feet, and steam evaporizers (such as are used for medical inhaling) with sponges steeped in odoriferous substances. I found them adequate for any fair-sized room which would comfortably seat from one to two dozen persons. Various minor details of mechanism need not here be described. My material embraced the principal standard perfumes, essential oils and tinctures known to the art of perfumery, and also a few balsams, chemical bodies like coumarin, natural ingredients like mace, and various odoriferous fluids, as for instance a varnish with the odor of bananas. I sometimes used the oils and tinctures in their pure state, as sold on the wholesale market, but generally moderately diluted with alcohol. They belonged, of course, to the class of agreeable smells, as my intention was solely to excite æsthetic feelings and not elemental ones like depression, fear and devotion, for instance, which can be produced respectively by the burning of tallow, the burning of meat, and the burning of incense,—sensations which were characteristic of every ancient sacrifice. My first object was to determine how the sense of smell was affected by a rapid and distinct succession of impressions.

By various experiments I found that it was impossible to distinguish clearly a succession of ten or eleven perfumes, produced at intervals of two minutes each, in an ordinary sitting room without any draught or special device of purifying the air. The first three evaporizations became perceptible (on the average) within forty-five seconds at a distance of eighteen feet; to perceive the others took a little longer, but hardly more than a minute and twenty seconds. After the eleventh perfume the air in the room was so clogged with the various odoriferous strata of perfume, that it took over two minutes before a change could be noticed, and even then occasional sniffs, rarifying the air in the nasal passage, were necessary to reach any degree of intensity.

With a proper ventilation up to fifteen or sixteen odors can

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be differentiated, after that the mucous membrane is exhausted and in need of rest for a considerable length of time before it is capable once more of subtle differentiation. Strychnine mixed with sugar and taken as snuff is a means to prolong the susceptibility of the olfactory nerves, a proceeding, however, not to be recommended.

With an atomizer the experiment was less successful; the smell conveyed by a spray is too fugitive, and although more forcibly propelled against the membrane and therefore more sudden, it lacks the quality to irritate the nerve endings of the olfactory membrane in as pronounced a degree as a vaporized odor. Aqueous vapor is known to lend a heightened energy to all odoriferous particles, as can be easily observed in flowers, which smell more distinctly as soon as the moisture of the ground, accumulated either by rain or dew, is dissipated by the sun.

These experiments can be made only with odors of decided contrast, and these are scarce. The majority are too subtle to be distinguished in succession. Orange blossom and Magnolia blossom almost make the same impression, and comparatively few people can distinguish between Verbena and Lemon, or Menthol and Tonquin beans. Among the two hundred odoriferous substances known to me—there are many more—I have found less than ten per cent. with an absolute individuality of their own. Among them are the well known odors of Musk, Civet, Patchouli, Geranium, Bitter Almonds, Bergamot, Wintergreen, Rosemary, Violet, Tuberose, Juniper, and Carnation. And even these cannot be recognized instantaneously, as there are many others that have a striking resemblance to them. Thyme and Marjory smell very much like Juniper, and Sandalwood reminds me of Patchouli. Lemon and Verbena are very much like Bergamot. And no olfactory apparatus can distinguish a succession of Rosemary and Lavender, while, on the other hand, if Lavender is smelt first, Rosemary seems to have a similar but more pungent odor. In an æsthetic distribution one has to be careful to select the sweet and delicate perfumes for the introduction, to use the intermediate ones for the development of the theme, and to reserve the sharpest and heaviest tones to the last, as they are apt to deaden the sensibilities of the others.

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Just as the boom of a cannon deafens our ears for lesser sounds, (pure) musk and patchouli are so persistent that they monopolize the complete attention of the mucous membrane for at least two or three minutes.

Having examined the principal difficulties which accompany successive distribution of perfumes, I may now dwell upon the emotional stimulation which is produced by it.

The suggestiveness of odors is very startling. Smell is the most emotional of all the senses of man, and is able to arouse sentimental as well as intellectual associations more swiftly than any other one, furnishing thereby momentary reliefs from the prosaic duties of life and calling forth sensations of immediate and disinterested pleasure.

The feelings aroused by odors alone are either *explanatory* or *reminiscent* in their effect. If our intellect associates distinct thought with an odor it is explanatory. If our mind is carried back vaguely to some experience producing a pictorial vision directly or indirectly connected with a sensation of smell, it is reminiscent. The reminiscent impressions are infinite in their variety, are absolutely a matter of individual taste, and can in no way be analyzed; and when Herman Bahr, a German writer, asserts that White Rose reminds him of the colors of Chavannes and the death song of young Siegfried, we have to take it for granted that he really gives us the benefit of his experience and individual interpretation. Such interpretations may at times represent a high order of intellectual discrimination, but they are absolutely futile as far as the determination of æsthetic laws is concerned.

The explanatory impressions lend themselves more readily to investigation. The odor Bergamot suggests the orange and lemon groves of some Southern State or the Mediterranean Sea, and far better than Lemon, which is a rather common perfume, and apt to remind one more readily of its various utilities at the bar. Turpentine-like smells will recall in most persons the healthy atmosphere of a pine forest, as incense does a church. The delicate aroma of Magnolia blossoms will take us to the magnolia swamps on the Mississippi River. Rosemary conjures up in every mind, acquainted with New England scenery, an old homestead with its flower beds before the front porch. But it is

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doubtful whether in most instances these emotions would become recognizable, without some outside influence or some mental suggestion.

Practical knowledge about a perfume, where it can be encountered in its natural state and where it is cultivated, has little to do with the effect it produces. Few people, for instance, will connect Peru with the odor of Verbena. And the fragrant aroma of Thyme will not recall Surrey, the English county, where it is most extensively cultivated, but merely a field of thyme with its peculiar reddish bloom. Geranium reminds us more of roses than attar of rose itself, and Neroli-oil, having quite a different smell (of a subtle, strangely aromatic yet rather stagnant quality) from that of the natural orange blossoms from which they are distilled, arouses in many vague sensations of sadness, a desire to dream, quite independent of Italy and the South.

Many of the strongest perfumes are absolutely inadequate for æsthetic impressions. The majority of spices yield no longer any poetic charm to us. Oil of cloves, for instance, recalls unpleasant experiences with the dentist. Musk, unless of the best quality, reminds us of chloroform and the hospital, and Wintergreen and Cassia make us think of candy. And in a perfume recital, if this term be permissible, we hardly wish to become acquainted with smell as an anticipator of taste.

Descriptive fragments carrying out an idea, analogous to a "musical thought," can be expressed easily, and depend solely upon an intimate knowledge of the various effects which the perfumes, suitable for such a production, can produce. I made several experiments with a succession of Juniper, Civet, Violet, Strawberry, New-mown Hay and Crab Apple. The first perfume of the series readily suggested a stroll in the woods. Civet introduced to the Western æsthetics the always absolutely necessary feminine element, some "soncy maid," which the author encounters in the copses. Strolling side by side, they search for violets and the first strawberries beneath the brambles, to return at last to the open fields and to wander homewards along the apple orchards in full bloom. The larger part of my audience, kept in ignorance of the names of the perfumes, became conscious of some train of thought similar to the one I wished to convey.

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The Crab Apple was for some not strong enough in contrast to be clearly distinguished from the preceding New-mown Hay, and the smell of strawberries was found deficient, as the perfumer's recipe, consisting of one hundred parts of spirit of vinegar and one drop of oil of cloves, hardly does justice to the delicious aroma of the natural fruit.

Another series of pictures, which I tried to convey by a succession of Peau d'Espagne, Incense, Patchouli and Carnation, was less successful. The Peau d'Espagne was meant to suggest Spain, but only two out of an audience of twelve realized the meaning. The burning of some ribbons of Bengal suggested to most the twilight atmosphere of a church, while Musk and Carnation reminded the majority merely of the heavy odor of some tropical flower. The idea that was in my mind, some Carmen kneeling in the darkened aisles with a red carnation in her hair, was entirely too subtle and too literary a conception to be conveyed by odors.

In the reading of a short story, in which magnolia blossoms form an important part and recur from time to time in the text, a repetition of the aroma of magnolia blossoms in various degrees of intensity was a novel and most gratifying form of æsthetic pleasure. Without the text, in a darkened room, as suggested by one of my friends who was irritated by the mechanical part of the performance, the various experiments proved unsuccessful.

Whether the enjoyment of odors can ever be raised from an amusing, but rather expensive, parlor entertainment to a more popular artistic expression, such as could be enjoyed in lecture halls or theatres, will depend largely on the successful solving of mechanical problems. After many experiments I succeeded in constructing *an apparatus which drives the odors from the stage forcibly enough to fill a large space almost instantaneously and to produce precise impressions in an audience.*

The idea occurred to me as follows: One night, riding home on a trolley from a visit to Newark, and passing through the salt marshes with their disagreeable stench, I suddenly perceived the odor of clover. A sudden idea struck me. The perfume must come from a clover field perhaps miles away, I reasoned. How did it get here? The wind carried it. Well, if that can be done

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in nature, it surely can be done in the comparatively small space of a theatre.

So I set to work, and constructed an apparatus on the principle of surface condensation. Twenty cheese cloth layers of 16 x 16 inches drenched in a perfume represent a surface of about 53 square feet, two apparatuses a surface of more than one hundred and six square feet. All that is further necessary is to let a powerful current of air sweep over it. That should be sufficient to fill any theatre of ordinary dimensions, I reasoned, and it proved to be so.

I concluded to give a public performance, and specially composed for the purpose a fantasy entitled *A Trip to Japan in Sixteen Minutes*. I endeavored to suggest the journey by a recitation accompanied by eight perfumes, of decided contrast, which I used in the following succession: White Rose to suggest the departure from New York, large bunches of roses brought to the steamer to the departing tourists; Violet told of a sojourn on the Rhine, Almond of Southern France, Bergamot of Italy, Cinnamon of the Orient, Cedarwood of India and Carnation of the arrival in Japan.

After many vicissitudes the performance featured as the main attraction took place in the New York Theatre, November 30, 1902, and proved a complete failure. The vulgar tendency of a Sunday "pop," and the fact that it was a rainy night with an unusual amount of moisture in the air, and that I figured as the last number on a very long programme, helped to make it so. But it could not possibly have been a success even under more favorable circumstances. I had not yet found the right vehicle of expression for an ordinary popular theatre-going audience.

For this performance I made numerous trials in the Carnegie Lyceum, the New York Theatre and various places under different conditions of ventilation. The Carnegie Lyceum was not favorable to these experiments. There was no draft from the stage to vestibule and the current had to be produced by the electrical fans. The downward system of ventilation perhaps helped the odors not to go to waste, but pressed them too much to the ground. I stationed my friends all over the auditorium, and they had to call out "Now" as soon as they perceived an

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odor. The first perfume, White Rose, reached the front row in four seconds, the middle row in ten, the last row in thirty, the balcony in sixty-five. The box nearest to the proscenium was reached in twenty seconds, the one farthest away in thirty. Violet took a trifle longer on the ground floor, but went up more quickly to the balcony. And then happened a strange thing. The third perfume, Almond, travelled to the balcony as quickly as to the middle rows, in ten seconds. The others took longer and longer, 60-90, to the last row of the balcony. This was due no doubt to the exhausted membranes of the audience. I was afraid of the larger auditorium of the New York Theatre, but the apparatus worked perfectly well, it filled the whole theatre to the fourth tier in one to two minutes.

I did not realize at the time that the sensation of smell was not produced instantaneously enough. Two minutes is a long time in any kind of performance. It made me reflect on the velocity of diffusion of different perfumes. The specific gravity of odors greatly varies, some diffuse more readily in the air than others; the distribution of solutions, containing resin like Benzoine and Juniper, takes at least twice as long as of those which contain merely liquid fats charged with odors. This, however, can be easily adjusted by adding more alcohol to those solutions that are less easily absorbed. Some scientists claim that perfumes have a radiating force, that particles are propelled into the air, but this state of evaporization is comparatively slow, and it is safe to state that no perfume travels more quickly than the current of air which carries it. So the principal thing is to create so strong a current by the help of suction fans that the farthest distance in the auditorium could be reached in ten seconds or even less. But the velocity of the odoriferous molecules would after all differ in each case, according to the chemical make-up, and this is one of the problems that will be difficult to overcome. Also the olfactory capacity of the individual smellers will interfere, and thus it might be necessary to use penetrating perfumes like almonds toward the end, and not a sluggish one possessing a very low degree of volatibility like carnation.

Very few perfumes produce in different persons the same effect. During the following winter I gave the performance in

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half a dozen clubs or more, as a lecture or after dinner entertainment. It proved fairly successful, as the audiences were of a more intellectual order. Their interest was held, but I doubt whether there was any desire to solve the significance of each perfume. The impression produced varies too much. Cedar wood has to me the mouldering smell peculiar to houses which have remained uninhabited for years, but it reminded one person in the audience of a shipment of Oriental goods and another of a pencil factory in Long Island. Of course, music is also subject to individual interpretation, but music produces a succession of vague emotions and ordinarily does not connect them with a distinct thought. The function of the art of odor would be to produce vague mental pictures or visions rather than emotions. The difficulty is that the appreciation of smell is still too far remote as an æsthetic pleasure to be appreciated without an attempt at some prosaic explanation.

The disconnectedness of the various waves of pleasurable feeling make it impossible to carry this act to the same pitch of perfection as music and painting. Each impression is isolated and as a quicker succession is mechanically as well as physiologically impossible, our mind hardly receives enough intellectual information to last from one perception of smell to the other. Grant Allen's objection to perfumery as a basis of fine art, because artificial essences never yield the same pure fragrance as natural products, is no weighty objection, as also the palette of the painter cannot vie with the colors of a sunset. Deplorable only is the inability of the perfumer to reproduce certain actual odors of a pronounced æsthetic nature, like the smell of the sea breeze, the aroma of a clover field, of newly ploughed land, of linen spread out on a lawn. This limits the repertory almost entirely to flower smells.

A by far more serious objection is our defunct memory of smells. We are able to reproduce mentally a melody and to recall colors in all their vividness, but we find it absolutely impossible to reproduce a sensation of smell of even the most popular perfumes, for instance Violet. I do not agree with physiologists who use this fact as an argument that the delicacy of the olfactory sense has deteriorated in man. We simply have

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outlived some of its uses because we can depend on other senses for such information as the lower animals obtain from it. The sense of smell, although still an assistant to the organ of taste and a premonitor of the lungs, has become with us largely a source of agreeable or disagreeable sensations, and we should be grateful to evolution that we can keep up our connection with the outer world by other means than our mucous membrane, for it deprives us only of painful and unpleasant smells, such as the lower animals experience at moments of approaching danger. From an æsthetic point of view, we lose as much as we gain by it. The absence of memory is undoubtedly the cause of the fugitiveness of all olfactory impressions; it deprives us of the "after flavor," the mental repetition of the enjoyment we derive from them, which forms a conspicuous part in the æsthetic pleasure we obtain from all other arts.

The immediate practicability for such a distribution of odor lies in the ability to enhance dramatic performances, in its use as a disinfectant in hospitals, institutions and private dwellings. The latter usefulness is not on the æsthetic order and for that reason does not need to be discussed here.

If in the last act of *L' Africaine,* when Selica is dying from the poisonous exhalation of a huge manchinell tree, the aroma of some heavy Oriental perfume could become perceptible in the audience, it would no doubt produce a new agreeable sensation in harmony with the action and setting of the play. In a similar way, the beautiful night scene in the *Masters of Nuremberg,* when Hans Sachs sings "Wie hold duftet heut der Flieder," might be greatly enhanced if suddenly the perfume of Lilac could be wafted into the audience. And if in a play like *Madame Du Barry,* at the moment when the unhappy mistress of Louis XV, on the way to the guillotine, meets the lover of her youth and utters words to the effect that "everything might have been different if she had kept her appointment on a certain morning years ago to gather violets in the woods with him," suddenly the odor of Violet, like a vague reminiscence, became perceptible in the audience, it would undoubtedly produce to the fullest extent that sensuous and emotional thrill—pleasing to the highest and lowest intelligences alike—which we know as an æsthetic pleasure.

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I am afraid that at present an appreciation of perfume would be eligible only in conjunction with scenery, music and acting. Imagine a Japanese pantomime play with a tea house on the cliff of a lake, all overgrown with flowers, the Fusiyama in the distance. As the curtain rose, some blossoms would fall and a vague perfume be noticeable in the audience. The people would come and leave the inn, some would be served with tea, and a delicious aroma would float from the stage. Then night would come, the light in the lanterns would flare up, and Fusiyama and the lake would shimmer in the moonlight. Two girls would appear and dance strange Oriental flower dances, throwing off one robe after the other, each representing a flower whose perfume would float through space. I believe the majority who witnessed such an effect would indorse my belief that smell is not a "mere relic," but, æsthetically speaking, an undeveloped sense, similar to the sense of hearing in those prehistoric times when monosyllabic chants were the only expression of music.

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SONG PRIMITIVE

FRANCIS HILL

THOU Eve who art my Eve—
Sole to me, in the earth alone!
Ten thousand thousand women cleave
My path, and smile and dance and weave.
And I am stock and stone.

For us two hidden lies
The Garden, spread in myriad light.
If Angel of the Sword arise
To brand us forth with flaming eyes,
We two shall tread the night.

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THE TURKISH DRAMA

HELEN MCAFEE

THE Turkish drama—as Westerners use the word drama—is almost wholly a matter of modern growth. Oddly enough its rise seems to have kept pace, on the one hand, with the decline of Turkish power, and on the other, with the increasing influx into the decadent empire of European ideas. The influences that have made for it take us back no farther than Mahmoud the Reformer (1808-1839), the *Giaour* Sultan, as he was called, because of his well-known European leanings; it was in his reign, it will be remembered, that an end was finally put to the Janissaries and that the process of disintegration, still going on, began with the successful revolt of Greece. From the time of Mahmoud down, the growing study of European languages—French, above all—and the broadening knowledge of European literature, tended to stimulate the interest of Turkish writers and critics in a literary form which they had not themselves developed. This interest first showed itself in the translation into Turkish of the works of French dramatists, Molière, Victor Hugo, and Dumas *fils*. Finally about 1870, a group of Turkish writers appeared—among them, Namik Kemal, Abdul Hakk Hamid, and Sami Bey, all men of considerable ability—who gave their best efforts with notable success to the creation of original Turkish drama along European lines. Their plays were received with great popular enthusiasm in spite of Government opposition, and the best of them still hold the boards. Since their day, still another group of playwrights has sprung up who already refer—so rapid has been the whole development!—to the writers of the seventies as the "classicists," they themselves being the "young pens," the romanticists of the new movement.

Before all this happened there existed in Turkey, to be sure, certain older dramatic forms, interesting at least from a historical if not from a literary viewpoint. Though the legitimate drama is a product of the past century, several types of native

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oriental folk-plays have been known in Turkey from the very beginning; and while the drama of the present day is not directly descended from them, it does show certain traces of their influence. The most important of these types are the Karagöz Play and the Orta Play. The Karagöz Play takes its name from its principal character, a sort of Turkish Punch. It has a long history, having come to Turkey, it is thought, with the Turks—perhaps from the Far East; but through all this time it has remained and still is to-day a very primitive form of shadow pantomime in which the actors are grotesque puppets cut out of leather, or paper even. In the various texts which have been handed down, the hero, Karagöz, is always represented as a clumsy clown of a fellow who allows himself to be drawn out by his partner in the action, Hagievad, who, in contrast to Karagöz, is a well-educated man of the world. On these two personages rests the chief burden of the performance, though a number of other stock characters such as " a Persian," " an Arab," and " a Jew " go in and out of the play. The interest, such as it is, lies rather in what the actors say than in what they do, the plot being chiefly distinguished for its casual construction. How negligible a quantity the plot interest is, may be seen from the typical *Caïque Play,* as it is called (a *caïque* is a Turkish row-boat). In this play, Karagöz and his companion are oarsmen, and the entire action consists in their rowing the other characters one by one from wharf to wharf on the Bosphorus! There are eleven scenes in all: in the first two, Karagöz and Hagievad go into partnership and invite patronage; then the ferrying begins. They ferry, among others, an opium-smoker who keeps falling asleep, a Greek doctor who makes mistakes in his Turkish, and an Arab pilgrim who goes free—for it is a matter of principle with Karagöz to take, as he says, from some money, from others only a prayer. There is no pretence at connection between any of the scenes except the last two. In Scene 10, a girl very much excited comes to the boat and begs them to row her away at any price. Against the advice of Hagievad, who suspects that she is running away from someone, Karagöz helps her aboard and they row off. In Scene 11, a pursuer sure enough has appeared on the bank and yells at them to row the girl back. They obey,

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put up their boat, then congratulate each other on having gotten off without a punishment from the angry man. And that is all. It would certainly be difficult to invent a slighter plot; but the dialogue is not without interest: it abounds in exactly such humorous and philosophical turns as one actually hears at the caïque-landings of the Bosphorus. And in the same way in other Karagöz Plays, the speech of various familiar phases of every-day life in Turkey, of the baths, the cafés, the bazaars, is faithfully reproduced.

The Orta Play is probably an equally old type of folk drama; it has been pointed out that it has its roots, on the one hand, in the "imitations" of the old Byzantine mimes (in which, it will be remembered, the Empress Theodora starred before she married Justinian), and, on the other, in the naïve plots of the early Genoese *Commedia dell' arte*. It is usually given, as its name indicates, (*orta* means middle) in the middle of a square or open place, the centre of the ring being the stage, and the stage furniture consisting solely of a table to represent a shop and a screen or two which do for a house. In other respects it differs from the Karagöz Play in that the parts are taken by real actors instead of puppets, and that there is more head and tail to the plot, which is divided into two parts. The first part is a battle of wit between Pesekjar and Kavuklu, as the "end-men" are usually called, while the second part is given over to the telling of a simple story. Between the two, as well as at other points in the play, songs and dances are often introduced. As in the puppet play, so here the secondary characters are for the most part familiar types suggestive of the mixed population of Turkey; among them are usually a Persian, an Albanian, an Armenian, and a "Frank"—as the Turks are pleased to call any European. And a great deal of the interest of the performance, to the native as well as to the foreigner, depends on the success of the "imitation" of each type down to the smallest details of his mis-pronunciation of Turkish. Some of the most famous of the Orta Plays, like the *Shoemaker Play,* have survived to the present time and have been translated into Hungarian, German, and other European languages. But even the best of them, interesting as they are for the light they throw on the Oriental attitude,

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humor, and social customs, have no great merit from the point of view of drama.

The contribution, however, of these old folk-plays to the modern Turkish drama is not to be underestimated; from the one to the other the tradition of naïve realism in dialogue, in costuming, and in acting has been handed on. Whether or not, given time, a fully developed drama would ever have grown unaided out of these embryonic forms is another question. Probably not. For it is *yavash, yavash* in Turkey with the folk drama as with everything else, and the Karagöz Play and the Orta Play after all these centuries flourish to-day, particularly in the holy month of Ramazan, in much the same form in which they did in the beginning. But there is little good in speculating. For foreign influences have as a matter of fact crept in, influences that have made not so much for the evolution of the Turkish folk-play as for its transformation.

The first outside influence to bring forth fruit came by way of Russia, and fell upon one Mirza Feth Ali who was born in 1811 and died in 1878. He passed his whole life in the Caucasus, and in his plays he depicts with vividness and humor the Mohammedans of this region, of southern Russia, and Turkestan. At first a student of Persian literature, he was later through his official position thrown with a group of South-Russian writers under whose influence he gained a wide knowledge of the Russian works of the period. His ability was at once recognized by his Russian friends; and his six comedies, which were translated into Russian in 1853, were produced by Count Sollobug, the director of the Royal Theatre in Tiflis. For Mirza Feth Ali succeeded—where many later Turkish dramatists, influenced by French writers, have failed—in pouring new wine into old bottles, or rather (to turn the figure about) in making new bottles out of his knowledge of Western dramatic structure to hold the old wine of Oriental humor and local color. It has been pointed out that this is doubtless partly due to the fact that Russian literature is both geographically and spiritually close to that of the East—a fact that must have impressed all readers of Russian plays! Mirza Feth Ali's best comedies are *The Members for Tabriz, The Parisian Botanist, M. Jourdan, in*

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Karabagh, and *The Vizier of Lenkoran.* Of the last-named there is an English translation, and all three became widely known throughout Europe. What is perhaps more of a test, they were and still are the most popular plays in the répertoires of the travelling theatrical companies of the Caucasus and Turkestan—among the very people whose lives they so faithfully reflect. But they are not, even yet, well-known in western Turkey; and, since Mirza Feth Ali left no successor in Tiflis, his work, brilliant as it was, had had little effect on the general development of the Turkish drama.

Moreover, the main body of modern Turkish dramatists in Constantinople—and Constantinople is the literary centre of Turkey—were to look further west for their models and their inspiration—to France. From the middle of the last century on, French books of all sorts were translated into modern Turkish; among others, Molière's *George Dandin, Le Médecin malgré Lui,* and *Le Mariage Forcé.* This was in 1870, and close on their heels followed the first original drama, New Style,—a tragedy entitled *The Fated Doom* (*Ejel-i-Qazá*) written by Kemal Bey in collaboration with Tewfik Bey. The authors belonged to the group of literary Young Turks from whom the best modern work has come; and for one of them, Kemal Bey, this was the first of a succession of dramas which in form as well as in subject marked the beginning of a new era. His other important plays are: *An Unhappy Child, Akif Bey, Gulnihal, Djelaleddin Chwaresm Shah,* and *Fatherland.* In style, they represent an attempt to get away from the over-ornate, over-intricate book-Turkish, to the simpler, more effective speech of real life; and from the formlessness of the old folk-play to dramatic structure on European lines. In handling of theme and plot, they resemble the mid-century French melodrama. But in subject they are essentially Turkish. In two of them, *Akif Bey,* and *Fatherland* (*Watan*), Kemal struck the new note of patriotism which was to distinguish the work of these Young Turk writers. Before their time, it had always been loyalty to religion rather than loyalty to country that had been written about. But Kemal in his *Akif Bey,* published in 1874, made the hero leave his beautiful young wife to fight not for his religion but for his country;

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and, in his still more important *Fatherland,* he used for his plot the story of the heroic defence of a Turkish fortress against the Russians in the Crimean War. The latter play, which is full of patriotic outbursts, was received with great enthusiasm by the people; but to the Government such a theme as "The fatherland is sacred," seemed alarmingly revolutionary and it forbade the public performance of the play after the second night. The influence of *Fatherland,* however, did not cease here; it was immediately printed and it ran through several editions. Since the incoming of the new régime it has again been allowed on the stage.

But Kemal Bey was not the only dramatist of the seventies who wrote plays to arouse patriotism. In 1875 Sami Bey's *Sidi Jachja* appeared on a similar theme, expressed in the line "For the Fatherland to die—that is our duty." It dealt with the fall of the Moorish power in Spain. And in 1879 it was followed by another important patriotic play, dealing with the rise of the Moorish power: this was *Tarik,* written by the distinguished diplomat, Abdul Hakk Hamid.

Aside from patriotic plays, the so-called "classical" dramatists wrote chiefly love-tragedies of a romantic and sentimental order. The motives that bring about the catastrophe are usually either jealousy, as in Ahmed Midhat's popular *Misfortune;* or the passion of two lovers whom circumstances part, as in Kemal's *Gulnihal* and Mahmoud Ekrem's *Love is Brief.* One of the most successful of these love-tragedies is Kemal Bey's *An Unhappy Child,* written in 1873. Its plot is a typical one. The mother of fourteen-year-old Shefik marries her to a rich middle-aged pasha, believing that this is best for her daughter since the pasha is to pay off the family debts as well as to support her in style. The mother knows at the time that Shefik declares she is already in love with a young student, but this does not trouble her, for she holds that true love comes only after marriage. However, things do not turn out as she plans. Shefik sickens—becomes consumptive—and dies. And her lover, the student, takes poison at her death-bed. This ending, by the way, in which one lover, either repentant or inconsolable, puts an end to his life at the death of the other seems to be a favorite dénouement

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with Young Turk dramatists. But in spite of its sentimental ending, *An Unhappy Child* is an effective play; its characters are sensitively delineated, and its dialogue is poetical and natural. It has to a less degree the faults and to a greater degree the merits of the plays of its period.

No group of distinguished men has arisen to succeed these gifted pioneers of the seventies, though interest in the drama in general has increased in Turkey, especially since the Revolution. To-day the round wooden shells of buildings, enclosing a small stage, a pit where stools are placed on the bare ground, and a row of rude stalls on a raised platform, have been superseded in the large Turkish quarters by solidly built theatres on the European plan. In the best known of these, the Schark Theatre in Stamboul and the Winter Theatre in Kadikeuy, Turkish plays are regularly given, and they have begun to invade theatres once devoted to foreign plays in the European quarter of Pera. That these plays may be adequately acted, several fairly good companies, headed by such actors as Burhaneddin Bey and Minakian Effendi, have recently been formed. The men of the companies are often excellent; a Westerner cannot help being struck by the freedom of the Turkish actor from all stage-consciousness and theatricality. Unfortunately as much cannot be said for the actresses, generally Greeks or Armenians whose sole conception of acting seems to consist in running about and shrieking.

While these companies often revive the works of the older dramatists, they present for the most part contemporary plays. The most important of these are the Turkish historical plays which have sprung up in great numbers since the Revolution. Doubtless the sudden interest of the people in their early history, shown by the popularity of such plays, is due largely to the increasing concern for the national welfare felt by everyone since that great menace to it, Abdul Hamid, was removed. It is also due to the growing feeling of patriotism, stimulated by Kemal Bey and his contemporaries, which is fast replacing the older religious fanaticism. Thus it will be seen that the dramatists of to-day are carrying on the traditions of their predecessors, at the same time adding their own message.

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Among the historical plays given during the season of 1911-1912, may be mentioned *Sultan Osman Ghazi, The Rise of the Ottomans, Murad the First, Bayezid the Thunderbolt, The Taking of Constantinople,* and *Selim the Third.* All of them are patriotic plays in that they glorify the great Ottoman sultans; but their patriotism is both of a higher and a broader type than that of the "classicists." What they glorify is not so much the Turkish heroes themselves as their heroic qualities; and, what is more important, they do not do this at the expense of the subject races. In structure, these plays are a good deal alike. The plot interest is distinctly cumulative, the first two acts being given over to long dialogues—for the Turks have not yet outgrown the old folk-play form of stage conversation strictly limited to two participants. In the third act signs of coming action are visible; in the fourth something actually happens; and in the fifth comes the grand crash, usually a battle. In *Bayezid the Thunderbolt* it is the Battle of Nicopolis which one sees on the stage; in *Murad the First* it is the Battle of Kossova with the dramatic assassination of the sultan on the battlefield. In *The Taking of Constantinople* one sees the defence of the city by the brave Emperor Constantine as well as the victorious entrance of Mohammed the Conqueror. It must be admitted that the costumes are often more faithfully reproduced than the historical events. For example, a significant deviation from history was evident in the ending of the last-named play, which was given shortly before the Italian War began, when an era of better feeling between the Turks and the subject races seemed to be in sight. After the city had been taken, Constantine was made to die in the arms of Mohammed! He committed his people into Mohammed's care and the latter promised faithfully to protect them—in the midst of loud applause!

But the most popular and the best of these plays is *Selim the Third,* written by Selah Djimdjoz and Djelal Essad Bey. It is a dramatization of the last days of this ill-starred sultan who dreamed of a regenerated Turkey—a modern European state,—but who was too weak even to keep the throne. The play abounds in realistic scenes (such as the scene in the *harem*

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where Selim is between his two wives!) and in truly pathetic passages—one is especially impressive where Selim from his prison on the Seraglio looks out with longing on the imperial city and weeps over its fallen state. The subject was a happy choice for the days following the Revolution, when it seemed that Selim's dreams of freedom and justice for all races in Turkey might come true. But such a use of the life of Selim is more especially interesting from the point of view of the history of the Turkish drama; for this sultan stood for the two principles which have constituted from the beginning the creed of the modern dramatists—a tendency to seek guidance in the West rather than in the East, and to put loyalty to country before loyalty to religion: a creed which in its broader applications, it might be added, they share with the most enlightened and progressive of their countrymen.

It is as difficult to predict of the future of the Turkish drama as it is of the Turkish nation. One could hope that its besetting sins of sentimentality and that fatalism which has always made the drama of the East seem undramatic to the West, will be further overcome, and at the same time that its national character will be retained. However this may be, it will certainly be interesting to watch the continued development of a drama in which the East and the West have already met with such interesting results.

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JUDGMENT

LOUISE ELIZABETH DUTTON

ENDERBY came home a day ahead of time from a motor trip upon which she had declared herself too tired to accompany him, and found Herrick making love to his wife.

From behind Rose's gaily figured boudoir curtains, he looked at the firelit little room, the lace bordered cloth of the supper table, damp with spilled wine,—it was a favorite parlor trick with Rose to let men teach her to pour champagne,—and her crimson gown, cleverly cut by the French woman whose reputation she was making, so that it gave free play to the soft, shifting curves of her strong, slow moving young body. He looked at a picture that was not new to him, but familiar in every detail, a stale scene from melodrama. He could not take melodrama seriously, he could not take part in it, just because the figure in the centre of the stage was Rose.

Then Herrick slipped to his knees by Rose's chair, and hid his face in the red folds of her gown, and at the sight of the quick, cat-like grace of the boy, and of Rose's dimpled, ringless hand in his black hair, Enderby suddenly felt unaccountably ill, and blind and dizzy, and he wanted to come out from behind the curtains and kill young Herrick, who was six feet two, and would not have submitted gracefully to death. Enderby wanted to see him lying dead and motionless, a big, black blot on the white bear-skin rug in front of the fire, and he wanted to hear Rose scream and say, "My God, it is you."

He wanted this for exactly three minutes, no longer. For Carleton Enderby was an artist at life.

If he had been shut up in a burning building, he could have been depended upon not to jump out of a fifth story window and break his leg. He would have climbed to the street down a substantial ladder, without ruffling a hair of his sleek, blonde head, or getting his name in the papers, or he would have died like a gentleman, self-contained to the last, and intent to the last on the problem of how to get out, and get out with dignity.

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He slipped down stairs, and let himself out of the house. He paused on the door-steps, a respectable, slender, shrunken figure of a man, and peered about him for a stray taxi. One came in sight before he had been seen from the house, as he had feared he might be. He wanted to get away and think. He got into the taxi, and gave the chauffeur some direction,—he could never remember afterward just where he had been driven through the rainy dark that night, but the drive was memorable.

Huddled into a corner of the cab, with a damp night wind blowing cool into his eyes through an open window, he thought clearly. He ceased to wonder how Rose had gotten the servants out of the way. He ceased to speculate as to how far the affair had gone; there seemed to be small room for speculation. He did not think of Herrick. He thought only of how he should punish Rose.

To think out, adopt and carry through consistently to the last detail the line of conduct which would prove most painful to Rose; it was a pretty problem. Scientific interest in it crowded the last trace of resentment out of his brain. And it was a vital problem. To play the injured husband with dignity, to beat the high gods, who decree that a deceived husband must bluster or forgive, and be ridiculous whichever he does, would be a service to humanity. Enderby tasted the joy of creation known to the authors of all great ideas, when he had settled the question, and decided how to punish Rose.

He finished the night at one of his clubs, and slept well, and went home the next morning only inwardly a new man, outwardly his usual tubbed, groomed, immaculate, inconspicuous self. Rose spent the day locked into her room, feigning a headache, afraid to meet him; but she dined with him. He accepted the headache as authentic, and was solicitous about her health. He talked smoothly, to cover her frightened silences. He could talk charmingly; it was some time since he had taken the trouble to exercise that gift for the benefit of Rose. She became reassured, and regained her normal amount of animation, and more, a flushed excitement that in itself was enough to tell him she had secrets to keep. After dinner, she wrote to Herrick:

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"He is here, but it is all right. Come at four to-morrow."

Enderby read the note. Lisette, Rose's maid, opened the envelope for him with a dexterous twist of a knife-blade under the flap. Rose did not suspect that he had found her out. Very well, his plan was then safely under way.

Neither Rose not Herrick gave him any sign of suspecting that he knew their secret. The two did not care what other people thought; there were no other people in their world. Rose was very happy. The woman's soul which Enderby had never tried to wake up in the child he married, because he had never been sure she possessed it, was stirred to life in her now. Her color was softly heightened, her smile was ready and wistful, and there was a look in her eyes that he had seen in other women's, but never before in his wife's cloudy gray eyes. Rose was so happy, that until that brief, unconquerable happiness passed, nothing that Enderby could have said or done would have given her pain. It was not time to hurt Rose yet.

Rose had never loved Enderby. He had not wished her to. He had tired of women in love, and the endless letters they wrote, and the scenes they made, and the sleepy eyed content like a full fed animal's which creeps into all women's eyes alike when the man of their choice begins to make love to them. Then he had met Rose, a shy, overgrown child, but already beautiful in spite of a pink gown too bright for her silvery blonde hair and faintly flushed cheeks. The intricacies of the new waltz step interested her more than he did until half way through their second dance, when he asked her to marry him.

Her cousin, who threatened to blow out his brains upon learning of her engagement, but announced his own a month later, and a matinée idol, enshrined on her bedside table until she found out he had a wife and three children in Harlem, had been all that stood for romance to Rose. Herrick was her first love, and Rose was Herrick's first love.

He belonged to one of Enderby's clubs, and there Enderby, who hardly knew him from a dozen other young fellows who played bad bridge and good billiards with him, made inquiries about Herrick, guarded inquiries, as if he had been a father,

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looking into the boy's past for his daughter's sake. Herrick's past was clean,—and Rose, flowering into womanhood, deserved something better than an amateur lover, Enderby thought.

Herrick sent her orchids, instead of the violets she preferred. He selected the only make of bon-bons that failed to appeal to her Catholic taste in sweets. He kept her singing flashy Italian songs to him, instead of Enderby's favorites, the light French things that showed off her pretty voice without overtaxing it. He made her box-parties at the Metropolitan; Enderby had known without being told that her chosen form of amusement was musical comedy, seen by preference from the front row of the orchestra, and that over decorated restaurants pleased her best, and bright colored bits of jewelry caught her eye. It occurred to him that there were points about being an old man's darling, whether Rose realized them or not.

But Rose found no fault with Herrick. She grew more indiscreet every day. She was dancing with him too often, and avoiding the houses where she had no chance of seeing him, and vanishing into obscure corners with him too promptly when she did encounter him. The two were inseparable, and they were not ashamed of it; they were proud of it.

Jealousy had no place in Enderby's plan of action. He was not jealous. But he had come upon the two young people once too often at tea-time with their full cups grown cold untouched on the tiny, over crowded table, and the print of Herrick's elbow plainly to be seen in the cushions close by Rose, though he sat the length of the candle-lit drawing-room away. He met them leaving the park one spring afternoon, with their horses splashed from hard riding, and their clear-colored, eager faces grown strangely alike in their splendid, reckless happiness, and the picture haunted him. Was there, after all, a chance that his plan would go wrong?

He had waited a long time for Herrick and Rose to tire of each other. Had he waited in vain? Was their romance the immortal, unfading enchantment that we all believe possible in our hearts, though we deny its existence, and go on believing in to the end of our days without proof or reason? Was he to grow old waiting, while Rose and Herrick went on forever

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brazenly keeping tryst in the face of a disapproving world, forever fair and kind and young?

The world was not yet disapproving openly, but Enderby had caught stray looks exchanged, and divined a hint of unborn gossip in the air. He determined to check and prevent gossip. Rose was not to lose her reputation, she was to be deliberately deprived of it, and deprived by him. Until he was ready to take it away, he would protect it. He wanted to act for himself, and employ no agents in punishing Rose. The blow was to be unexpected, and to come from his hand, and no other.

So he hunted up Herrick one morning, alone in the club billiard room, knocking the balls about with an absent smile, and took him to lunch. The boy was a thoroughbred, and his breeding carried him through the awkward hour, and succeeding ones, until there were no longer any hopelessly awkward hours, for he had grown to be friends with Enderby.

By the time Enderby had learned that he was inordinately fond of sweets and took his coffee Turkish fashion, with three lumps of sugar, Herrick had become convinced that Enderby did not intend to order pistols for two sent in on the coffee tray, and he was free to get what enjoyment he could out of their tête-à-tête meals. Herrick had a good mind, though he was inclined to be ashamed of it, like all healthy boys. Stray bits of information about Persian rugs and antique jewels and out of the way periods of French history rewarded Enderby's tactful attempts to draw him out.

Enderby gave him a chance to talk about himself, and Herrick revelled in it. The self-effacement of making love to a selfish woman had been going on long enough. A reaction was due. He was a clever boy, and he had devoted himself for months to a stupid woman, so he responded now readily enough to the charm that Enderby, who was not a stupid man, could exercise at will.

The two men were not only seen together constantly; they were seen to like each other. Herrick was not Rose's property, but the friend of the family. The scandal was checked. The family dinners at which Rose included Herrick at her husband's request went off brilliantly. Rose and Herrick and Enderby

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were as gay and amusing and considerate of each other as only three people bent on deceiving each other would have taken the trouble to be.

Enderby did not open letters or listen at doors, or resort to any clumsy expedient now; he did not need to. He had his hand on the pulse of the situation. He had come to know every turn of Herrick's mind as well as he knew his way to the ice-box and the cigar box in Herrick's apartment. Enderby knew before Herrick did, that the boy was falling in love with Callista.

"Why do you look at me like that?" Rose asked one morning, with the touch of sharpness that was creeping into her voice under the strain of her prolonged affair with Herrick.

Enderby, with his critical eyes on the young face across the table, fresh-lipped, clear-eyed, and unlined in the morning sunlight, was watching his wife as jealously as a physician in search of new symptoms for some flaw in her beauty, as he had watched every day since his plan was made; but he found no flaw.

Her blonde hair caught the sun, and did not brighten, but dimmed and paled into delicate transparency, as if at a touch it would melt away from the low forehead it framed in rippling parted waves. Under the firm flesh of her throat, which showed clear white against the dull blue of her morning gown, he could trace the regular beat of an almost invisible pulse. Her deep eyes met his, and held them deliberately. He felt the new-born, unconscious lure of Rose, a full blooded magic of health, and satisfied appetite and youth. Feeling it, he could not easily believe that the night before, hastening at once to get himself away unseen, shamed as if he had intruded upon some sacred rite, he had found Herrick in a palm sheltered corner, reverently, almost reluctantly, bending his black head over Callista Manners' slender brown hand.

"I am not worthy of your friendship," Enderby heard him say to her. "You are the finest woman I ever knew."

Callista was not a fine woman. She was only a girl, a sun-browned, quick-witted, every-day nice girl, with a firm hand-shake, and sound views on the suffrage question; only the girl with whom Herrick was in love.

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She was not the unquestioned lady of his dreams, as Rose had been. His new love was less and greater than his love for Rose; a shy, unwilling, slow growing love, the mating instinct, that shows itself, and hides itself, and waits its time, and grows strong in secret until it is so strong that it takes its own, and will not be denied.

Herrick might dance half an evening with Rose, and pay court to her with the radiant assurance that was his triumphant habit, until all the women in the room could guess what he was saying, but he had only to make the circuit of the room once with Callista, slim and withdrawing, in his arms, to prove to discerning eyes that he belonged to Callista.

But Herrick was shifting his allegiance gradually. For weeks at a time he would ride and drive constantly with Rose. Rose would meet him at shabby, questionable restaurants, accounting for her absence glibly enough to Enderby. Her education in the conventions of clandestine love affairs was progressing. Again, for days at a time, Herrick would vanish from the Enderbys, to refresh himself with a staid round of decorous walks and duly chaperoned tea drinkings with Callista.

This was a nerve racking time for Enderby. He began to wish that Callista would take the crude but time-honored course of asking Herrick his intentions. He would have liked to abduct them, and look up an obliging justice of the peace, and marry them to each other. They were so slow in learning their own minds. They were wasting their time and his. He was tired of waiting.

And they were torturing Rose with uncertainty. Enderby could square it with his conscience to plan in cold blood to deal out retribution to her. Retribution was just, but the hour for it had not come. Meanwhile it gave him no satisfaction, it hurt him, to see Rose fretted and harried, and shaken out of her gentle poise by the petty, prolonged worry of playing a losing game.

Automatically, as women worry about a sick child in the night, he found himself rousing to listen for the sound of Rose, crying softly into the dark. One night he waked with the echo of his own name in his ears, as if he had heard it called. He

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could hear nothing, but he had groped his way to her door in his sleep.

He was sorry for Rose, at night when she cried, and by day, when she did not cry, but hid her trouble behind a white-lipped calm more pitiful than tears. Rose laughed too often now, and talked too much, and he could not hear her high, light laugh without being sorry for her. But he could not have forgiven her now, if she had thrown her two warm arms round his neck of her own free will, as she had done once or twice when she was afraid of something, thunder, or harmless noises in the night. Not if she had begged him with her pretty, absent smile, a smile that was always the same, whether she was admiring a strawberry tart, or the colors in a sunset, or had failed to understand what you said, and wished to indicate it without hurting your feelings. Enderby could not forgive Rose, because it was too late to change his mind. He had cast himself for a part, and it had possessed him. He was not his own man. He must go on playing the part to the end.

The end came suddenly. The Manners sailed for Italy in June. Herrick had not committed himself. How many times he had betrayed his feeling for her in hungry, incoherent phrases that did not commit him, and long, veiled glances that she understood, and pretended not to understand, nobody knew but Callista, and Callista did not tell. Neither Callista nor anyone else has yet had the courage to give an unexpurgated account of that startling and heart-breaking experience, an apparently conventional love affair from the girl's point of view. Herrick held her little brown hand as long as her mother's, and no longer, and said good-bye to her, and went into Long Island the same day for a week-end at their farm with the Enderbys.

He was the only guest. Rose wore fluffy, muslin gowns, and wound her hair round her head in two school-girl braids, and played with him, tramping, and golfing, and drifting off for long moonlight walks alone with him, and the faintly traced, deepening lines disappeared from the corners of her mouth, and the dimple showed itself in her left cheek again. And Herrick played with Rose as if it had been his one hope and dearest ambition for the future to go on playing with Rose; for four

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days. At the end of that time, Rose went back to New York to close the town house for the summer, Enderby went up into the Adirondacks for a fortnight, and Herrick followed Callista Manners to Italy.

Enderby did not know that the boy had gone. He had been fifty miles from the nearest post office or telephone. Just before his train got into New York, he read in his evening paper the announcement of Callista's engagement to Herrick.

It was a brief paragraph, on an inner page of the paper. To the day of his death, Enderby will remember the score of a baseball game on the page facing it. The score danced before his eyes in smoochy, black figures, all the time he was eating his dinner in the big, half-empty, neutral-tinted dining-room of a big, neutral-tinted, impersonal hotel. He wanted a breathing space there before he went home to Rose.

Enderby played with his great moment there, and put it off, and dreaded it and longed for it. He hurried his waiter to bring it nearer, and followed an elaborate meal with liqueur to delay it, and sat listening while a discouraged violin or two completed an excerpt from *Pinafore,* in dragging tempo.

The clear, light melody sang itself into his ears as he left the hotel, and turned south, down the Avenue, into the cool, lifeless night air. The scattering hurry of people in the street seemed unreal to him. Nothing was real in the world but himself and Rose, and their time of reckoning, which had come at last.

He looked for a light on the third floor of their house, her floor, and he saw it. He had not written her the date of his arrival, and he had not telephoned her. He had felt sure he should find her there. Past rooms where the furniture showed bulky and unfamiliar out of the dark in its summer shrouding of white, he made his way quickly up the dimly lit stairs to her open door.

In her sitting room, her favorite perfume challenged and offended him, a blend of rose and carnation and violet, spicily sweet, like a nosegay of old-fashioned flowers. The mantle was clear of its frivolous array of porcelains, and the French clock, with Cupids and rose garlands sprawling across its gilded

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face. The great, soft pillows that Rose could tuck into just the angle to supplement the curve of a chair-back, or rest a tired head, and mass on the couch in one careless heap that you found so comfortable you were compelled to admit there were not too many of them, were gone. The couch was gaunt and lean in its close-stretched white cover.

Rose had a trick of slipping into her sitting room at night, for an hour by herself, after her maid had left her, like a child who reads a book without permission after being put to bed. But to-night there was no current best seller, face down on the hearth rug for Enderby to stumble over, read to the last line by sleepy eyes,—Rose never skipped; she had not enough imagination to fill in the gaps for herself,—no bit of sheer needlework, with the last clumsy stitch just added to it. Rose had left no forgotten toys in this bare little room.

But on the hearth lay a sprinkling of ashes, not all in one heap; wide-spread. She had not burned her letters all at once, but one after the other. She had re-read them one by one, perhaps, and cried over them. In a corner of the grate lay the charred remnant of something that would not burn, a man's driving glove. On the table, with a crumpled handkerchief beside it, a poor little sodden ball of a handkerchief, devoid of romantic suggestion, and wet with tears, a red morocco writing-case lay open.

"Dear, I want you to be happy."

Enderby folded the heavily monogrammed lid of the case gently over the close written pages of unformed hand-writing. He was done with suspecting, and pretending and spying. He had something better to do than to read her letter to Herrick.

He knocked softly, twice, on her bedroom door. In the expectant hush of the house, the door creaked sharply under his hand, as he threw it open and stepped inside the dark room where Rose was.

A breeze blew into his face through the uncurtained windows. In the chaise-longue in the bow window, he saw a glimmer of white. Rose was not in bed. He was glad. Bed was the appropriate place for injured heroines, like Camille. Rose was not an injured heroine. The chaise-longue was a prop-

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erty associated with French farce, where guilty lovers get found out, as Rose was found out. The room was so still, he could hear her steady, unhurried breathing, as he stood close beside her. She did not move.

"Rose," he said, "I know. I have always known."

The secret was told, the secret that had whispered itself into his brain word for word the same, night and day, until it seemed that he must betray it prematurely, mutter it in his sleep for his valet to hear, or cry it out suddenly, in the midst of some dry little commonplace he was uttering in his dry little voice; told in his own time. He had not softened the shock of it by giving Rose one hint that he suspected her. He had reserved the shock for this hour, which he had foreseen correctly, the hour which comes once, and never again to any woman, her weakest hour, her point of least resistance, when it is possible for her to suffer, to realize to the last sob and the last heart-beat her capacity for pain.

He was prepared to see that she had money enough, and to avoid scandal. He would furnish her with manufactured evidence, and let her get the divorce, and without publicity. He would tell her so to-morrow. It was this hour only which he was claiming as his, the hour when she was suffering, when he could terrify her and condemn her, and force her to suffer more.

The hour had been hard to earn. How many sudden impulses, unbelievably strong, had urged him to forgive her, how many times he had conquered the wish to denounce Herrick, and forbid him the house, he remembered proudly, now that the hour was here, and nothing could take it from him. It was his.

"Rose, you've got nothing left now. The freshness of your youth and your goodness are gone. You cannot afford to lie and trick and cheat as you have been doing; it is becoming to some women, but not to you. Your beauty is not *beauté de diable,* it is the beauty of a good woman, and you are no longer a good woman. You will lose your beauty, Rose; you have begun to lose it already. You have lost Herrick, and everything else. And now,—and now, Rose——"

He did not feel like a man, he felt like an instrument of

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justice. His hand went out to the wall at his right and groped for the switch there. He wanted light, light enough to see her face.

The switch clicked under his hand, and the room he had known littered with intimate feminine belongings, and rosily aglow, flashed into view white walled and empty looking, in a glare of untempered light. Stripped of its shade of dull-colored silk, a side-light, set low in the wall at the head of the chaise-longue, shone harshly on the face of the woman asleep there, the woman who two weeks before had been Rose.

Wrapped in a coral pink négligée, a dash of glaring color in the white room, nestling under her cheek and throat a tiny creation that was not a pillow, but an excuse for the existence of pink bows and perfumed lace, her fair hair soft and bright from faithful grooming, scented and powdered, stimulated and soothed by massage into perfect health and perfect repose, every inch of her, Rose lay asleep, played with and put to bed like a doll, with a doll's delicate fripperies about her, a doll, with a woman's face.

She did not turn away her face from the light in her sleep. She lay still, tired out in body and heart. The marks of tears had been bathed and rubbed and coaxed away, but he saw proof of tears in the listless turn of her head on the pillow, and the hopeless droop of her mouth, and the utter weariness of her colorless face.

She was quite at his mercy, more defenceless than he had dared to hope. Every word would sting like a blow. He had waited for months. He had now only seconds to wait, only until she waked. Why did he feel reluctant to wake her? His hour was here.

He laid a hand on her shoulder. How the shrinking warmth of her flesh under its thin sheathing of silk and linen had excited him, long ago. She stirred. She was going to wake. Why did he dread it? What harm could she do him now? She could not cheat him of his hour.

"Lisette, please go away. Indeed, indeed, I don't want you. I only just could not sleep. Ah, Carl."

She shook one white, full-veined arm free of its loose sleeve,

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and pillowed her blonde head upon it, and opened her eyes upon his face, close above her. What was he going to say? Where had the words gone?

A faint, wondering smile had greeted him. Now her mouth settled into its patient droop again. With a broken sigh, Rose woke to full consciousness, and remembered, and took up the new burden of pain that was already old to her. Her eyes, dark and wide, grew darker and wider as they looked up into her husband's face. Her eyes pleaded guilty. She would have nothing to say in her own defence.

"Herrick"—said Enderby, "Herrick——"

More words would not come. With an uncouth, shrugging motion he flung up an arm across his face, and pressed it there, to shut out the sight of her pleading eyes.

She lay looking up at him quite still and helpless. It was her weakest hour, as he had guessed it would be, but he had taken no account of the fact that a woman's greatest strength is her weakness.

Enderby did not look like an instrument of justice. The unshaded light shone full on his carefully padded shoulders, and his carefully combed, scant hair. But her sorrowful eyes looked kindly at him.

"Carl, are you ill? What is the matter?" said Rose.

"Herrick," he tried to say, in a thick voice, unrecognizable as his. He could not go on. He dropped on his knees by the chaise-longue, and reached out trembling arms to Rose. His face pressed hot against hers. Bewildered, shaken, and comforted, she turned to meet his kisses on her lips and cheeks and throat.

Through his mind the perfect, relentless words that had shaped and ordered themselves to condemn Rose, slipped away and lost themselves one by one, like jewels lost from a broken string of pearls.

"God damn Herrick," stammered Carleton Enderby, artist at life; "God damn him. My child, my little girl, my baby, I'll make it up to you. I'll make you forget him. I'll make you love me. You're going to love me, Rose."

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MOTHER–HEART

ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

NOT in the throes of her maternity,
Nor when his first cry pierced her consciousness;
Not when he drew his life, with soft caress,
From her white breast; not in that hour when he
Essayed her arms' safe shelter totteringly,
Nor when a dark day left him fatherless;
Not when she hid from him her heart's distress,
And gave her years to watchful ministry. . . .
But when, man-grown, he brought her shame and woe,
And came, a broken thing, to her once more,
Soiled, sodden, seemingly devoid of good;
'Twas then that, feeble, her gray head bowed low,
Yet mutely yearning over him she bore,
She tasted her full cup of motherhood.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Gettysburg

THE Gettysburg celebrations are over, and new friends and old foes have gone their several ways. The busy nation was stirred a little by the revival of past hopes and fears; dispatches of fifty years ago were disinterred and the passions of fifty years ago reflected, pale and devitalized, on a modern screen. Where Lincoln delivered his immortal address, Wilson spoke, and spoke worthily. And so the curtain has fallen, and will not be lifted again for another fifty years. Then, perhaps, in a world that has forsaken wars and is no more distressed by the battle, murder and sudden death that the Christian litanies deprecate and the Christian churches make such scant effort to avert, Gettysburg shall be once more remembered and all its dead fittingly honored. For if they died that this country should have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people, by the people should not perish from the earth, it is time that the task should be taken up in earnest by those who profess to owe them so much, yet discharge their obligations so grudgingly. And as freedom is gradually established, and cant and hypocrisy discarded, the field where North clashed with South may well become identified with that fuller union of North, South, East and West which shall vindicate the faith of Lincoln and tolerate slavery no longer, in any of the ghastly forms in which to-day it is universally known.

Mr. Murphy of Fourteenth Street

A NEW YORK journal, discussing the charges against Justice Cohalan, said:

"The great and absorbing question in the case is: 'What will be the attitude of Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, toward his former adviser?'

"The fate of the accused jurist, it is believed, will become evident soon after the boss himself leaves the witness stand. If Murphy merely reiterates his declaration of two months ago that Cohalan acted simply as a lawyer to a client, the tip will

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go out that the boss has instructed his henchmen to 'whitewash' his former political adviser.

"Should Murphy, on the other hand, exhibit a disposition to 'unload' Cohalan, there are few who believe that the Justice can escape punishment."

Here was a specific accusation. It was suggested clearly that the joint committee of the Legislature of New York State was prepared to go through a farce called a trial, the verdict being entirely dependent upon the whim of a political trickster whose name is inseparably identified with corruption in public life. To what depths of apathy has public opinion sunk, when such a statement aroused little attention, less interest, and practically no resentment!

Mr. McReynolds

THE Attorney-General has not given a satisfactory explanation of his position with regard to the trial of Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti. It is not at all clear that he acted solely in the interests of justice. If public feeling is so inflamed that a fair trial is not probable, there is reasonable ground for delay; but the least suspicion of any attempt to exercise a political "pull" should have been sufficient to cause Mr. McReynolds to give the most careful attention to the case and to assure himself that he was acting with full knowledge of all the conditions and with the keenest sense of his responsibility. American "justice" already rests under the stigma of the gravest charges. Such delay as has marked the Becker case in its later stages, and, more or less scandalously, many other notorious cases, shows the need for drastic action on the part of both Federal and State authorities. The Attorney-General will do well to offer his resignation to the President if his attitude in the Diggs-Caminetti case forecasts a general policy of ineffectiveness and temporizing.

The Balkans

NOT long ago, the Balkan Allies delivered to Europe an astonishing action-lecture on the value of foresight, union, resolution. How far that foresight reached, how long that resolu-

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tion could be sustained, remains still to be shown. But the union, upon which so much depended, has been very definitely shattered; and in the place of a Federation which would have taken rank as the seventh great European Power, there is a group of struggling states; each, whatever its temporary alliances, fighting for its own hand, and each looking forward to its own aggrandizement.

Such is friendship among nations. One would have thought that those who had fought in a common cause against a common enemy would have recognized, for a time, at least, ties that could not lightly be broken, a new community of interest and achievement that would throw into the background the old dissensions of Slav, Serb and Greek. But the petty jealousies still defeat the larger purpose, and everywhere provincialism, masquerading as patriotism, strives to perpetuate the old lines of cleavage and to ignore the forces that will turn the peoples of the earth into the People—unseparated, unhating, unenslaved.

At the time of writing, many rumors are current. A few hours or a few days will bring fuller news. But the contrast between the possibilities and the probabilities is pitiful. Whatever may emerge from the welter,—a Greater Greece, a new Servia, a humbled Bulgaria, a Turkey taking advantage of the dissensions of her conquerors,—the deceptiveness of military glory was never illustrated more sardonically. At an enormous cost, Bulgaria purchased a temporary prestige. For a moment she loomed importantly, a dominating factor. Now she faces insignificance. And, waiting and watching, is Russia, rebuffed, and not peculiarly amiable, but patient; and Austria, unwilling to contemplate her own imminent troubles; and Germany, calculating the consequences of the extinction of the Triple Alliance; and France, not reluctant to prove her regeneration; and England, fiddling party tunes, while her empire drifts away from her, and her colonies become alien in spirit, and her women, preaching an ideal, practise buffoonery.

It is a freakish world,—viewed in sections. Where are we going? For we might as well go with our eyes open and our purpose clear, and so get what we want, instead of pretending that we want what we get.

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Festina Lente

THE exoneration of Justice Cohalan by the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature of New York State may have been completely justified; but in view of the rumors that a Tammany-controlled Legislature was merely waiting for the nod of an autocratic Grand Sachem, a more leisurely inquiry would have been preferable, even from a merely party point of view. A Legislature may hasten to register the edicts of an admitted master; but it should hasten more slowly.

Militancy

AN interesting letter on the subject of militancy has been received from Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, wife of the famous novelist. Mrs. Jacobs takes exception to an article in the April number of THE FORUM and claims that British politicians have for many years "demonstrated that they will pay no attention to the 'reasoned view'—the power of right. 'Might is right' is their motto." "The whole militant movement," she continues, "is deliberately designed to prove that physical force is impotent to govern women without their consent—that physical force is inferior to spiritual force."

It is not easy to understand Mrs. Jacobs' disagreement, temperately worded though it is, with THE FORUM, which has consistently and insistently maintained that physical force is inferior to spiritual force in all rational relations of life. But, however idealistic may be the views of the English militants, they have certainly contrived to identify their cause with a spirit that is not obviously spiritual. No one disputes their courage, or denies that they consider their actions to be both justifiable and necessary. But spirituality that expresses itself through the medium of broken windows, acids, bombs and arson does not seem very different from the fanaticism that has so often adopted similar methods of "persuasion."

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